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ALONZO S. WEED,
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O LORD, REVIVE THY WORK!

BY REV. N. W. JORDAN.

My soul is sad to-night; I walk the field
Where I have sown
And prayed, "My God, O send a bounteous
yield!"
But there is noise,
'Tis hard to sow the seed day after day
With toil and pain,
And when the glowing autumn days are
come,
Gather no grain.
'Tis hard to labor all the weary day
'Neath scorching sun,
And empty-handed take the homeward way
When day is done.
I can no longer bear, O Saviour mine,
To weep and wait;
O now be pitiful, Jesus divine,
And open heaven's gate!

FROM BOSTON TO PORTLAND.

V.

BY GILBERT HAVEN.

The celebrated view called Cape Horn, which introduces the traveler to California proper as he emerges from the snow-sheds of the Nevada and looks out on the golden plains of the valley, was not made visible to our eyes. We had chosen Lake Tahoe in the stead thereof. To wait to get at sunrise would have necessitated sitting up till three in the morning. So we took the Virginia City train at eleven o'clock and slept till sunrise, and Sacramento saluted us. How that Cape Horn outburst on California appears therefrom would have to be told by guide-book or imagination. And as these letters are very veritable, even as those I read from other penmen, and only describe real (or manufactured) facts, I must leave that celebrated sight to your imagination, mine own not being sufficient for the undertaking. I hoped to have kept the correspondence back till I had seen it on my return trip, but it was as dark at this point on my way back as on the way out. The adjustment of time when only one train a day goes over the road, seems to make this opening of California on the Easterner's sight somewhat difficult of arrangement. But the Sacramento sight was satisfactory, when, Noah-like, I looked out of the window of the ark in which I had sailed with my whole household for so many days, as it was resting at last in the expected land. I saw what he saw—a new world. The terrible desert that had been around us for ten days, as long as the Atlantic surrounds its voyager, and as desolate and dreadful, was gone. The high cold rocks and snows that had risen out of this alkali ocean like barren and snow mountains out of the sea, were also gone. Sweet fields—how sweet, how rapturously sweet!—stood dressed in living green and gold. How they spread out! Is it possible that land can be thus level and rich? Is it possible that earth doesn't stand everywhere edgewise? The broad town stretches itself out as peacefully and as abundantly as its awakening dwellers are doing on their ample couches. The broad, wide, long depot, looking not unlike the breadth of stations at Buffalo, Cleveland, and Springfield, seems as of a new creation. We rise, dress, stroll out, sip coffee sold by a Chinaman at the regular depot restaurant—Chinaman attractive in dress and address—buy some big pears and peaches—ten for a dime, more or less, a dime apiece in Boston then—walk up and down the broad platform, draw long, glad breaths as if just on shore at Liverpool, look up and down broad streets, silent except for busses and carriages flying to and from the station, and re-enter the ark. Dry land has appeared. We are where gardens can be made with vat pumps and where vast desolation does not shut in the petite paradise on every side.

The regular eastern train takes you through Stockton and over the old route; the new one by way of Vallejo and to the northward. This we take and sweep out over plains of immense extent, covered with wheat. These farms are unlike any I have ever seen. They have the breadth of English dukedoms with a level richness that rich land does not exhibit. Argyle's chief place is twelve miles in length. Some of these "farms" are thirty miles and even seventy miles long. The Democratic candidate for the governor has 50,000 acres, and this year raises half a million bushels of wheat. How magnificent the spectacle! The superb live oak is scattered over these golden reaches, and more tropical trees, shrubs and flowers appear around the few houses that cluster about the stations—palm, figs, pomegranates, orange, lemon, and everywhere the vine. The old route is somewhat more populous. Stations are more frequent, though still the vast area is there, as here, practically uninhabited. It is painfully beautiful. Monopoly holds the magnificence in its deadly grip. Not Chinese, but land-lords, are the base of California.

Vallejo and salt water are reached. The two oceans taste the same. Charles River empties itself in imagination into "the Bay." Strange that the opposite ends of the continent should bear the same popular term. "The Bay" is what Boston was long called. It gave its name to the province—Massachusetts Bay. So here the people speak of the Bay, and all know they mean San Francisco.

The train stops, and we get out of the ark for the last time on this many debouching and re-entering voyage. The Presiding Elder—blessings on that item in the Discipline which gives him official power to be present!—Rev. Dr. Wythe, steps up smiling, and we are at home. The steamer passes up the bay of two hours' sail, by the United States navy yard and many a bare and blazing hill which girds the wide bay with a morning glory akin to the gladness within our hearts. If Moses' heart made his face to shine, ours could have even made the mountains round about us glitter. The city comes near, set under and up on a hill. Spires rise out of the smoke, and breezes are blowing sharply in upon it and through it. We shiver as we pass in sight of the golden gates, and think how soon we must pass outside of them. The boat is at the wharf, and we are in San Francisco.

Yes, Boston is here. Step out of this entrance. Like everything else in this country, it is under a system. All the ferries land at one place. All the leading lines of horse-cars start from their landing. The few side cars and local ferries connect with these trunk lines. The half-dozen ferry landings of Boston, the score of New York, are one here. East Boston, Chelsea, Nahant, Nantasket, are one and the same. You come out on the broadest street of the city. Market Street stretches out before you a hundred and fifty feet wide and of undetermined length. Here stand a dozen lines of horse-cars. Again unlike the East, except at Fulton Street, Brooklyn; and as you turn to take your last look of the East, over the front of this broad ferry is stretched a sign two hundred feet and more in length. On its western end is printed in biggest letters: "Yuma;" on its eastern end, "Boston." As Boston money is now rushing via Topeka and Santa Fe to Yuma, that union of opposites is appropriate.

If I stop to describe San Francisco, I shall not get to Portland in five more chapters. Let that stand by itself. The Palace Hotel kept us an hour, then a pair of fast ponies drew us to the elegant home of Capt. Goodall, whose wife drove the ponies and made us feel at home on the instant. Here we have gone in and out for nearly two months, with a familiarity that has not bred contempt on our part, and I trust not on theirs. The drives, the sights, the people, the churches, the preachers, Chinese, Christian and heathen—Kearney, the heathen, and his chief antagonist, Gibson, the Christian—the political and local excitements, the stiff breezes, the hot breeziness, the charming Oakland, the literary Berkeley, seat of the University (literary, but not religious), the sea lions, the park made out of sand banks, the banks and stores, hotels and residences all and singular, how can one page or one letter dispose of them? Let them be unsung.

Continue these asterisks—they should be daggers—till you feel sick at the sight of them. Continue till you feel more sick; then more sick yet. That is the trip from San Francisco to Astoria. We climb the iron sides of the "Oregon," like a man going up the guillotine plank. Its appointments look clean, but we know what it means. Half an hour after we leave port, we are rolling on the rolling deep. For fifty hours we continue to roll. We roll into the berth, so sick out on deck, so sick, we cry out at night: "Oh, that it were morning!" and at morning: "When will the night come?" The shore, in sight all the way, so solid and quiet, makes the feeling the more aggravating. I am not surprised that Bishop Ames, after taking this trip, refused to go to Europe. He was sure it would kill him; and it might have done so; only the Atlantic is far less sickening than the Pacific, if this be a specimen.

But all things have an end. So has this nausea. It goes down a little, and by the time we are off the Columbia we are quite respectable sailors. The fir trees rise up before us; the coast is low on the south, high on the north. We wriggle slowly in, and at five o'clock are on the Oregon shore. Astoria is an amphibious town; three streets over the water, and those that cross these climb the hill. The first choke the town almost to death. They spring up in the gardens and about the little homesteads on the hillside. They almost drive it literally into the sea. But it is lively. The canneries are

here—a new name. A million of salmon are caught on the river between April first and August first. They are cleaned, cut up, boiled, canned and made ready for Europe and our East. The wharf streets are busy, for the season is just on its termination. We meet the Presiding Elder and preacher in charge, have a nice chat, and return to the steamer. She lies all night at the wharf. When daylight appears she starts. The navigation is too difficult to risk it at night. The calm, broad bay—how delightful it looks in this starlight! The trees stand up on every side. This pays for that dismal ocean trip. How everything that is worth having has to be obtained through painful experiences! "He made the Captain of our salvation perfect through suffering."

Sunday morning we start up the river. At six we are up—strange, and Sunday morning, too; but it should be remembered that we were aboard nearly all the last three days. The first gather thick about us on either side, myriads on myriads—an exceeding great army. Here and there their ranks are invaded by the saw-mill. But the solitude is still much as it was when Captain Gray, of the "Columbia," Boston, first sailed up this broad estuary in 1793, and gave the name of his ship to the river.

At ten the passengers are gathered in the cabin and a service is held. At eleven we enter the Willamette. (Pronounce this with accent on second syllable, if you would receive honor of Oregonians.) This is the river of the State. The Columbia is vast, grand, but with no cultivatable land on its banks. The Willamette is lovely, and its banks, when you get twenty miles up, are level and spread out into broad rich bottoms. So the chief city deserts the sterile grandeur for the homely fruitfulness. The boat goes up this deep river some dozen miles, and Portland stands forth under high mountains of firs. It stretches along the bank its steeples, blocks and chief buildings, wharves, steamers, and ships standing forth in the clear, quiet sound of Sabbath. The Jesuiting sounds of German life and flute and bugle mark the sacred stillness. We are on shore. A gentleman steps up. It is Dr. Acton, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, whose ringing "Not yet!" in response to the invitation to speak on Decoration Day rings yet. The compact New England city is threaded, most New England of anything this side of New England, solid and self-satisfied, with bosky orchards and gardens about the houses, delightfully homelike. A Willamette student, J. K. Gill, esq., welcomes us to his home; his wife also; daughter she is one of the first missionaries, Dr. Wilson; brother he is one of the teachers at Wilbraham, Professor Gill. Here we rest in and out up the long Columbia, out over the valley of the Willamette for twenty days of rich profit, until a carriage again takes us to the dreaded steamer. Again the sickness comes over us; again we see the golden gates, now knowing why they are called golden: they rescue us from that dread deep.

The trip from Boston to Portland is made. It has taught us how near, it far, are all parts of our land to each other. The same Church, the same flag, the same language, the same experience. In an hour after touching the farther Portland you would easily fancy yourself in the latter one—easily but for one difference. Going to the boat, after preaching Sunday, to get our bed—for we are to start up the river at daylight—two youths rush out of a saloon in a drunken brawl. No sight like that in Maine's Portland. When will it cease here? Methodism has a deep root and wide-spread branches. It commands the situation. It is too popular. It needs some opposition. It is likely to get some. Our church is the largest and has the largest congregation. The Conference held in it showed capacity and a sense of quietness from the sense of controlling the situation. It was the rich possession without a rival. It will be a richer possessor if rivals appear.

New England is still to the fore here as much as when it was first settled. I met more men of that region here than anywhere else on the coast. The grand country around is steadily filling up. There is room for millions more. There are only ten to a square mile in this State, and yet they are afraid of the Chinese. If you wish for a delightful climate, English to perfection, where they have rain in harvest, and still have magnificent harvests; for a wonderfully fertile soil (e.g., a brother told me that at a village near the city they raised eleven hundred bushels of onions to the acre. Weep, Wethersfield over your diminished onion beds!), for a cultivated Christian society, for first-class Methodist position, buy your tickets from Boston to Portland. As the man said when asked which Putnam he wanted a ticket for—the one in New Hampshire or Connecticut—"I'll

take that which is the cheapest," so buy the one that costs you the most. It will be cheapest in the end. May the delightful chronicler of old Portland soon get his tickets for the new one. He stayed patiently his appointed year, his voice hardly being heard outside that Hades to which he was sent, if even there, for the twelvemonth. Now, that the term has expired, let him turn hither, and make the *HERALD* glow with his panegyrics on his new field of observation. O my brother, to this Portland!

REMINISCENCES.

BY REV. Z. A. MUDGE.

How some present things fill the mind with bright visions of the past! The sign of an old homestead, though dilapidated and forsaken, brings back the forms of loved ones of other days, and the tender tones of love as from voices long since hushed in death. To the Christian in the sunset of life, whose days from youth have been given to God, the coming to the church, after years of separation, where he heard the Gospel preached in susceptible childhood, and kneeling where he knelt as a penitent, there comes a rush of hallowed feeling too sacred for the intermeddling stranger and too deep for utterance. The old, and it may be unsightly, walls echo to the voices of prayer of those who have long been praising God with the redeemed. The pews, hard-seated perhaps, are filled with the humbly attired forms of those who are clothed with white robes and are before the throne of God. In a word, how do common and material things bring back mental histories and heart experiences by the wonderful power of association—a power not inspired by sensibility, but belonging to all time and continuing with ever-increasing intensity through eternity.

This line of thought was suggested by the late Asbury G. Camp-meeting at Hamilton. My brother suggested the just fifty years previous to Asbury on Cape Cod. The two meetings were different, yet alike. To the writer, whose life in Christ commenced at that Asbury meeting, there was enough at Hamilton to reproduce a tender chapter of early experience. At the former, prominent in the tent meetings and at the public services, were representatives of the Lynn Methodist Churches; it was so at the latter. Memory makes little account of the incident that then we went in a Cape Cod sloop and took its sails to make the only shelter the company had during the week; and that now we came in the cars to home-like cottages and well-provided society tents for social worship. But my memory does account most sacred the fact that then and there I knelt a penitent, with my brother James, desiring the prayers of the great congregation; that "Father Snowden" came and whispered to us as we bowed before God: "To whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, His servants ye are;" and that by the Spirit's help we yielded, and entered upon a new life. Now James has had thirty-three years' experience of the glorified life, and I fifty years of at least opportunity of development in the life of faith.

But the reader will not attribute all the rush of cherished memories which I experienced at the Asbury Grove meeting to the power of association. I have said it was my semi-centenary in Christ, and that the occasion of my new life was a camp-meeting in which, as at Hamilton, the Boston and Lynn M. E. Churches and those of their vicinity were represented. May I be indulged, then, in a few reminiscences of those Churches as they appeared to a boy fifty years ago?

The Boston Sailors' Bethel had its tent's company under the inspiration of E. T. Taylor. Of course they were demonstrative. To me, trained from childhood in the quiet atmosphere of the Lynn Common Street Church, and under the most quiet of religious parents, their demonstration seemed uproarious; but I do not recollect any extravagances of expression. In fact, Father Taylor was wonderfully well balanced for one of his general temperament, and was swift to suppress the "hollow shouts." Then there was the tent of the May Street Church of colored brethren and sisters, under Samuel Snowden. If they were less noisy than the Bethel people, they were more vivacious. But "Father Snowden," somewhat like Taylor in brilliant, epigrammatic, pregnant utterances, was master of the situation, and was quick to detect and restrain a vivacity that bordered on levity. The services in this tent were somewhat amusing, but genuinely spiritual.

I have mentioned these two tents of the Boston company because they most attracted my attention. The social services under the charge of Stephen Martindale and Ephraim Wiley, the

then pastors of the other Boston Churches, live in my memory as pervaded by a homelike air of quiet earnestness. I should not wonder if some demonstrative brother of that day characterized them as wanting "in power;" but in them were some of "the fathers," the fruits of whose labors as seen to-day evince not only genuineness of piety, but much of its divine union.

But let us turn from the sloop-sail tents to the preachers' stand. The reader must not think of the iron tabernacle lately erected at Martha's Vineyard, nor of the spacious and costly canopy at Lake View. The one now under consideration became sacred by cherished associations, but was extemporized from cheap and rough material. But from it men preached who were neither cheap nor in any offensive sense rough. Indeed, many of them were men of gifts, grace and rare attainments; in all these respects they were eminent, and in the latter especially so, if unusual attainments in ministerial strength come, as they assuredly do, from wrestling with and triumphing over great obstacles to success. They had fought and won. They had been tried and were not found wanting. Of these it will be relevant to this reminiscence to speak of those only at this meeting who were connected at the time most closely in influence with my newly-found Christian life.

First, from this point of view, was my pastor, Abram D. Merrill. He had been at the Lynn Common Street Church only a few weeks when this meeting occurred. He was full of distrust of his ability to fill the pulpit to which he had been appointed, and expressed it in substance as follows to Bishop Hedding, then residing in Lynn: "Bishop, you must release me from this pulpit; the people know more than I do." The Bishop replied: "I cannot. You are sent here not so much to tell the people what they do not know, as under God, to inspire them to do, in the divine life, something more than they are; and to your good, Abram." He did "stand" and by divine aid raised throughout the community the standard of holy living. At this camp-meeting, as at all revival meetings, his peculiar gifts and grace shone with special lustre.

Joseph A. Merrill, then stationed at Lynn (Woodend), was prominent at Asbury. Less emotional than Abram, and in most respects differing from him in his individuality, he was, nevertheless, possessed of eminent pulpit power. Positive naturally in his utterances, and made tender by the influences of the Holy Ghost, he could not be otherwise than prominent in awakening the unconverted, and moulding those who, like myself, were babes in Christ. An incident which occurred at Lynn in a "four-days' meeting," which was held immediately after the Asbury meeting, will illustrate this. He had been exhorting after an impressive sermon by Father Taylor. Inquirers were being invited to the altar. Pausing after a few earnest words, and in a moment of solemn silence looking round upon the audience which filled every part of the house, he secured a profound attention. Then with startling force he exclaimed: "Oh, if I never had come to Christ, I would come now!" There was a general move towards the altar from all parts of the great congregation. My brother Thomas, whose fixed attention I had been watching prayerfully, as he bent over the gallery, started, crowding along its whole length; and then, pushing his way from the vestibule to the altar, knelt among the penitents. When, after a season of earnest prayer, A. D. Merrill led off with—

"Angels now are hovering round us," every devout heart seemed to respond, "They do."

John Lindsay, Presiding Elder of the Boston district and then residing in Lynn, was another of the special men at Asbury. More emotional than Abram, he had such a combination of the excellences of both, as to give him a natural leadership among his brethren. A son by spiritual birthright and family relationship of the mother Methodist Church at Lynn, he was, nevertheless, one of the exceptional few of that Church in his demonstrative religious character. He had great honor in this home of his youth, though his impassioned pulpit eloquence must have startled some of its fathers in their quiet moods. His influence upon my early Christian life is gratefully remembered. When a boy about twelve years of age, I had slipped into the great, old-style kitchen of a neighbor's house where a prayer-meeting was being held; providentially he was there, and at its close he said to me in a familiar, cordial manner: "I know you want to love the Saviour!" For days my heart was full of the influence of the Spirit which accompanied that utterance, and it was never forgotten. John Lindsay knew how to stimulate the ambition of the young men of the Church, restrain-

ing its indiscretions, and guiding its youthful vigor. In this respect he resembled Wilbur Fisk.

I have more than hinted at the deep religious pathos which pervaded the camp-meeting fifty years ago. During a union love-feast of the Lynn Churches at the recent Hamilton meeting, the question as to the relative spiritual power then and now found emphatic expression. An eminent divine from the West, whose early life was connected with the Common Street Church, pleasantly told the people that their Churches fell below their fathers in spiritual union. The general feeling seemed to be one of dissent from this opinion. As to myself I have no measure by which to exactly mete out the Christian stature of either generation. Comparisons are always delicate and sometimes odious. The Eastham meeting, of which I have spoken, and the era of four-days' meetings which soon followed, were seasons of special revival. There have been as great, if not more powerful, outpourings of the Spirit in recent years. There is now much just lamentation over the undeniable fact that the Church is living far below the possibilities of divine grace. So there was then. The Asbury Grove meeting had many earnest, deeply spiritual sermons; its altar and tent services had much of power, which would have been recognized as divine at any time in the past which I remember. The ideal of the spiritual life with some is always in the past. Let us so live that our ideal, and more, may be an experience of our daily lives!

LICENSE OR PROHIBITION.

BY REV. N. G. AXTELL.

[Continued.]

Some of the stringent provisions of license laws have been enacted by the efforts of temperance reformers. The liquor dealers have yielded apparently, but only because they did not expect these provisions to be enforced; nor are they. These dealers, almost without exception when licensed, do violate the letter and spirit of the laws under which they are licensed, and they are rarely punished. The public is very tender toward them; and when officials temperance men secure their conviction, they are very apt to be pardoned—at least in some States—and a large class of citizens look upon them with a very lenient eye. The history of license laws shows that, as a means of protecting society, they are a failure, and in the present attitude of the question they are the stronghold of intemperance. The whole business of liquor selling is at war with the best interests of society, and in a healthy state of public sentiment every man engaged in it would be regarded as a criminal; but to license a class of men to sell, shields them from the brand, and retards the coming of the day when they shall generally be regarded as criminals.

3. Temperance or no-license advocates weaken their position when, instead of fighting the battle on the broad ground that it is wrong to sell liquors, they propose, after a single year's experiment of no-license, "to exhibit the results of the working" of the law, as the ground of their opposition to license. A single year is not long enough to exhibit the result. If we had such a law as they have in Canada, where, if a county votes no-license, the vote binds the people for five years, there would be time to exhibit results, possibly. The experiment of licensing has been tried long years, and it has proved a failure so far as the purpose for which it was originally intended is concerned. Its only use now is to perpetuate the liquor traffic with all its evils unmitigated and unrestrained. Suppose that in some towns which voted no-license last year, there has been just as much liquor sold as in the preceding year under license. Is that any reason why those towns should vote license this year? Some, who declare that they have the interests of society at heart, affirm that it is. I dissent most decidedly from that conclusion. In such towns the great argument used by a class of men who would be thought good citizens, is that there is just as much liquor sold under no-license as under license; therefore it is better to license, because the towns otherwise lose the amount of the license fees. This is almost the only argument used by many for license.

Now we affirm, notwithstanding the fact that license laws are prohibitory as far as they go, and were at the first enacted as a protection against the unrestricted sale, that the above argument is a direct proposition to legalize crime, and to sanction iniquity for the love of money. These men who ask the towns to vote license on that ground, do ask them to become partners in a great sin and cruel wrong, and to become partners of the gain. They wish the towns to say to acknowledged and notorious criminals: "For so much money we will sell you the privilege of dealing out death and ruin. We know that you

are violators of law, and that you will violate all the provisions of this law which are worth anything, but you will make money by it, and we want a part of it to reduce the taxes of each taxpayer by a few cents." Some of the towns will very likely be influenced by this argument to reverse their vote of last year; but the argument does not indicate a very high moral sense in those who put it forth, and would be regarded both as very foolish and immoral if applied to some other questions. Is it better to license brothels because they are not wholly suppressed? Would it have been wise and patriotic to surrender to the rebels after the Ball Run campaign?

The question of licensing liquor selling is not a mere question of "abstract morality," but it is a question as to becoming partners in a concrete *rascality*. The license system has had ample opportunity to show whether it is worth anything as a means of suppressing intemperance. It has been fully tried, and does not, and cannot, meet the demands of the case. When prohibitory laws have been tested as long as license laws have, and with the same results, it will be time enough to talk of abandoning the idea of prohibition, and to affirm that to forbid the sale of the drunkard's drink does not promote sobriety, while the legal authorization of such sales does tend to keep the people sober. The long trial of license laws and their inefficiency are conveniently ignored by license advocates.

When France, on the downfall of Napoleon III, established a republic, many prophesied failure because the previous efforts in that direction had been futile or short-lived, and declared that nothing but a monarchy of some kind would do for that country. Forgetting, apparently, that monarchy, in different forms, had had full trial, and had so completely failed in the purposes of government that society had become so disorganized as almost to render government impossible. Monarchy, certainly, in France was a signal failure; but not more so than license has been as a measure for the promotion of sobriety and social order.

The conclusion to which the facts should lead thoughtful men is, that license is not in the interest of temperance, good morals; and that good citizens, while as far as possible holding men who are licensed to obedience to the most stringent provisions of the license laws, should vote no-license and aim at prohibition until prohibitory laws are secured, and fight it out on this line until prohibition has had as long a trial, at least, as license.

From our Exchanges.

In Japan there were less than ten converts ten years ago; no Church organized; no native agency; no schools for the training of such an agency; no missionary devoted to preaching; only the scantiest Christian literature, and that derived from China; placards everywhere denouncing the very name of Christian, till the utterance of the word blanched the face and sent a thrill of horror through the listener. To-day more than two thousand five hundred professed believers in Christ; a recognized evangelical community three times larger; a fine body of earnest and faithful native preachers; Christian schools for the preparation of a native ministry; a Christian literature, including more than 100,000 copies of portions of the New Testament; editions of the Life of Christ and other works, reckoned by thousands and finding a ready sale; a Christian newspaper that circulates in all parts of the empire; and, illustrating in their lives the faith that breathes through all, more than a hundred and sixty devoted men and women from Christian lands—these are facts to quicken the faith and to encourage the most vigorous exertion till the field be won.—Dr. CLARK, in *Boston Journal*.

"Every man according to his ability" is the Christian rule of giving and of working. It is not very faithfully obeyed. There are many persons who have great ability, yet do but little work; who have ample leisure, yet give but little time; who have large possessions, yet make small contributions. This is an evil that we have all seen under the sun. And there is another that is like unto it. There are a great many people who have some ability, but who do nothing; who have not much leisure, but who give no time to the Lord's work; who have a little money but put none at all into His treasury. Those who have a little, and give nothing, violate the Christian law just as truly as do those who have much and give a little. There are a great many persons, young and old, in all our Churches, whose means and opportunities are limited; from whom not much ought to be expected; but they are able to do something, and they do nothing. They are transgressors of the Christian law. They ought to repent, and do works meet for repentance.—*Sunday Afternoon*.

The time has come to pray for, to look for, and to work for another; not by a convention to fill the newspapers with speeches and to glorify this man or that. There is but one way to get up a revival; and that is, to get down in the dust of humility and prayer. There is no royal road to revival but the King's highway, and that leads to His feet and the mercy seat.—N. Y. *Evangelist*.

Miscellaneous.

GEHAZI AND ELISHA.

A STUDY FOR CHRISTIAN WORKERS.
2 KINGS 4: 1-37.

BY REV. J. W. JOHNSTON.

The best of masters may often have the worst of servants, the best of servants the worst of masters. Both sides of the beam hardly ever descend at once; one side or the other is generally light. Elisha, the prophet, was served by a hypocrite and a knave; Naaman, the leper, had loved and devoted followers. This is how life is made up. It takes the evening and the morning, the light and the darkness, to make a complete day.

We do not know why Elisha sent his servant with his staff to lay it on the face of the child. Had it been the rod which was used so mightily by Moses in the redemption of Israel from the thralldom and slavery of Egypt, there might have been some hope of good being accomplished; but as it was, this staff had no history, no prestige, no value whatever, other than it was used by the prophet in his journeyings up and down the land. The servant carried it as he was bidden; he laid it upon the face of the child, but no effects were realized; the boy still lay cold and dead.

But as we look more intently at this picture, it begins to assume a new form and meaning. Spiritual lessons become strangely apparent. The flashings of a mysterious light are seen. Like the silent movements of a dissolving view, these characters change one by one; the dead boy gives place to a dead world; the yearning mother becomes lost in the pity and the love of God; the servant and the prophet are merged into the instrumentalities by which the dead are to be raised to life, the grave emptied of its prey, and the lost restored to heaven and to God.

It will at once strike you that there was something very hard and unyielding about the conduct of Gehazi. His whole virtue consisted in his obedience. He laid on the staff, but that was all he did do. There was nothing kindly, nothing human, nothing sympathetic about him. He acted apparently without any interest in the matter. The boy might be raised, or he might not; the mother's heart might be gladdened, or it might not; these things were outside the circles of his thought. His duty was with the staff. He was to lay on the staff. When that was done, he had done; results were not included in the nature of his work.

Gehazi is not the only staff-layer which this world of ours has seen. From then till now there has been an unbroken succession of them. Every age, every denomination, every Church has had them to a greater or a less extent. Staff-layers are found in the pulpit as well as in the pew, in the family and in the Church, among the rich and among the poor, with the young and with the old. Nor are they what might be termed bad or unworthy. Quite the opposite. Staff-layers comprise some of the very best of Christians—men and women who are actuated by the strongest motives of duty and obligation. Some men would be amazed if they were called staff-layers, and yet it was a violation of the strictest truth to call them anything else. A minister preaches what men call a strong, loud sermon. His logic is clear and inexorable; his statements of truth firm and decided; his word stout and ringing; but no effect is produced. No tear glistened in his eye as he spoke of the dangers of dying men; tremulous tones are not felt in his voice as he points the way to the Cross; no deep, mysterious sympathy touches the hearts of the congregation as they listen; no dead souls come back to life. Alas! he is but a staff-layer; and however faultless his rhetoric or eloquence, he is only a black-frocked, white-tied Gehazi, casting his dead, dry staff upon the faces and the souls of men.

A brother exhorts in the prayer-room; his words are well and wisely chosen; the thoughts are clear and presented with much force; the unconverted are warned in language bold and unmistakable; but the sympathy, the unction, the strange yearning for the salvation of men is not felt; and though the exhortation is solemn and pointed, yet no heart is reached, no soul is saved. Poor man! he is only a staff-layer; the dead boy is not raised. A wife speaks to her unconverted husband about his duty and his obligations to God. As she speaks her eyes flash, her cheeks burn, her words ring; but the husband listens with impatience, shrugs his shoulders and walks hastily away. Poor, misguided wife! She was but acting as another Gehazi; it was only the laying on of the staff. A father remonstrates with his wayward son; he tells him what the dire results of his course must be; indignation gives strength and volume to his voice, and he threatens expulsion from the paternal roof unless decided changes at once are made; and as the boy listens pride and anger swell in his heart, and he goes out into the world and becomes a hardened prodigal. The father meant well, but it was only the laying on of the staff.

And how much of this there is. Men unroll texts of Scripture under their tongues as surveyors will a tape line, and they will lay them on a man and measure his life and character in this dead, unfeeling way. Christians will take out some hard dry doctrine, as a clerk will his yard-stick, and lay it on a dead soul, hoping by such ways as these to bring them back to life. How many use the Bible as David did the stones which he gathered in the brook,

and the Gospel is but a sling by which the unconverted are to be knocked spiritually down. How many times do we see the Word of God flung as whalers do a harpoon, without mercy, without pity, without love. And this we call doing our duty. Duty is but a dead, dry staff in many of our hands. Gehazi did his duty, but the boy did not rise.

But look at the methods adopted by the prophet: He went into the room and shut the door and prayed. The best work we do is that which is done secretly. The blaze of trumpets and the blowing of rams' horns may have been instrumental in the fall of Jericho, but they contributed very little toward the personal piety of the children of Israel. The virtues which only flourish in the broad glare of publicity, are seldom of much value to the world. The Christian who can only work for God when in the crowded prayer-room, makes but a poor disciple of Him whose most wondrous words were spoken not to a vast multitude, but to the astonished Nicodemus, or the still more surprised woman at the well. He who cannot pray with faith and fervency when the doors of his room are closed and he is alone with God, has no right to pray in the presence of the great congregation. She who cannot preach when her arm-chair is the pulpit and her knee holds the entire auditory, has no claims to preach in any other place. It is when the doors are closed that our mightiest praying should be done.

"When thou prayest enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which seeth in secret." This is where the Church must get its strength. We may have costly buildings, eloquent sermons, crowded vestries, and stirring songs, but behind all these there must be faithful and earnest calling upon God, or our service will be but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. The best workers of a Church must be like the sharpshooters of an army—most effective when on their knees. The prophet was simply the side going into God's great secret, and the picture of a kneeling man wrestling with heaven for the restoration of that dead boy, was a picture for all Churches and for all time. Before the dead can be brought to life, before the cry of the penitent can be heard, before the songs of the newborn make glad the hearts of the faithful, there must be strong crying and agony at the Throne of grace. Even Jesus groined in spirit at the grave of Lazarus. As the divine Son conquered the grave by passing through it, as He overcame death by suffering its sting, so must the faithful grapple with the dead hearts of sinful men, holding them in mighty faith before God, till they begin to show signs of returning life.

But Elisha did more than pray. He put himself in direct personal contact with the object of that prayer. There was eye upon eye, mouth upon mouth, hand upon hand, not once but twice, and it was not till he had infused all his spiritual strength and natural magnetism into that lifeless boy that the body began to glow with vitality. This is a most happy union of faith and works, of the divine and the human, of the God and the man, in the work of restoration. And how plainly are we taught that if we are to carry out the commands of God, there must be on the part of the Church direct, personal, fervent, magnetic sympathy with the souls of men and women. Our eyes must follow them from day to day; our mouth must be filled with words of cheer and tenderness; our hands must be stretched in sympathy and help, and by the warmth and power of our affection, souls may be raised from death to life, from darkness to light, from Satan to God.

Lessons:—
1. Discard the staff. Hard, dry duty is of little value in the work of saving souls.
2. Pray much for Zion in secret. The closed door will bring the open reward. Every vessel was filled with oil when the woman shut the door. A mighty closet makes a mighty Church. A lonely Jacob becomes a conquering Israel.
3. Touch the dead with living souls. Life conquers death. The Lazarus must hear the Christ. The gospel of the hand is the power of God through faith unto salvation.

CANDIDATING.

Theoretically Methodist ministers do no candidating, but men's practices do not always square with their theories. It is often true that men who are nearing the close of their three years on a desirable appointment receive more requests for an exchange than they care to grant. When these requests come from men who expect to move at the coming Conference, it is usually understood that they are self-nominated candidates for the place, and if the exchange is effected, they are heard and criticised as candidates. On the other hand, official members sometimes ask a pastor, who is soon to leave, to exchange with this or that man, that they may hear him. Observation shows that the ministers, and especially young men, do most of this. To all this there are serious objections.

1. It indicates that the candidate feels he must call special attention to his own merits, or they will not be noticed. It would seem that our frequent removals, our camp-meetings, prescholar meetings, and other connectional gatherings, with their calls for the services of all our men, must suffice to bring all into notice. If not, the case can hardly be relieved by one's trotting himself out.

2. It indicates a want of confidence in the judgment or the impartiality of the appointing power, and begets a

like want of confidence on the part of the Churches. If ministers dare not trust their Presiding Elders and Bishops, why should the Churches, who have less opportunity to be acquainted with them? This distrust can but seriously embarrass the whole work.

3. It indicates selfishness. The pushing candidate is determined to have a good place, whoever goes to the wall. A generous regard for each other's interests is essential to the success of our itinerancy. All agree to accept the work and emoluments assigned them by a disinterested umpire. When a candidate by a happy hit on a single Sabbath creates in a Church a party in his favor, it is usually of the more impulsive and less reasonable portion of the members, those most liable to make trouble if they cannot have their way. This lays a constraint upon the official members, and they in turn press the officials of the Church have committed themselves, it is difficult to break up the arrangement, however much it may be disapproved by the higher authorities. If the Presiding Elder declines to approve, or the Bishop to appoint the man, they are at once accused of tyranny, prejudice, or of lordship over God's heritage. Remember that primarily the trouble comes from a selfish minister and the less considerate portion of a Church. Such are not careful of the spirit or terms in which they vent their feelings. If they get their way, the Church is less well served and some true man is crowded from the place he should have had.

4. This candidating often defeats itself, or does more than that. A fact or two will both prove and illustrate this:—

A desirable appointment in one of our N. E. Conferences was to have a new man last spring. During the winter three aspiring young men sought and obtained a hearing through an exchange with the retiring pastor. Each gained friends for himself—friends who preferred him to either of the others. A committee of three—appointed to attend to the matter at the Conference. They proved to be wise as well as good men. After consultation they decided that it would not be best to have either candidate appointed to that charge, lest the disappointed parties should say to the successful one, "You have had your way. He is your minister, and you must support him, while we will wait and see what he does." A stranger won the prize, while either candidate would have been entirely acceptable but for the discussion raised by his candidating. In this case no hard feelings were engendered in the Church, so that the loss falls upon the candidates themselves.

In another instance a young man has already, this year, completely blocked his path to an excellent appointment by the persistency with which he has sought to get himself before that charge. It is not improbable that, without this hindrance, he would have been sent there next spring. Now there is little hope that he can ever get there.

SH.

COLORED BISHOPS AND QUARTERLY CONFERENCES.

This somewhat mixed question ought, indeed, to be better understood. There ought to be no objection to a fit and proper person on the ground of nationality or color; but on the other hand, we ought not to import such elements into their election. All other things being equal, there should be no conclusion on the ground of race, and neither should there be any exception in their favor. The N. Y. Methodist has lately advocated the addition to the episcopacy of a colored member with seeming candor; but it has been careful not to commit itself to the equal rights idea; and if all it has written on the subject be carefully read, it will be found to be another contribution to the "separation demand," for of course the colored bishop is only to preside over colored Conferences.

Now, as we have been betrayed already into very questionable legislation on the color line, it becomes us to be watchful that we are not led into other mistakes from arguments founded on false or obscure premises. The principle ought to be conceded that every general superintendent must be qualified to preside over every Conference. This has been so in the past, and must be so in the future. If a fit man of any hue presents himself, let us have him; but do not let us add one iota to the miserable prejudice which as a Church we have so long professed to ignore. If a colored brother can be found up to the average of our present bishops, in the name of all that is fair elect him; but let it be understood that his color shall have nothing to do with the assignments of his work, and that if he is to be insulted by being shut out of our Northern Conferences as president, we had better leave him where he is. Better let him be a plain Methodist preacher, than elevate him only for the purpose of despising him.

If we are to retain our Presiding Elders—and we shall do so, probably, for several quadrannials—why not seek to extend their usefulness? And where could we find a more efficient way for so doing than by opening the doors of the quarterly conference to our entire membership? Invite them to come, and in some matters give them a voice and a vote.

Our Churches need stirring up, and to do this we must interest the members and identify them more with the management than we have hitherto done. Money would flow much more freely if there was a more general admission into the inside track of those

who have it. An efficient elder often makes addresses upon financial and other matters which would be very successful if heard by the people who hold or influence the pocket-book. As it is, our quarterly conferences are often but the duplicates of our official boards. Everything has been cut and dried before it gets there, and the whole affair is dull and prosy in the extreme. Give the elder an audience, and he could say much that the pastor in charge could not say, and thus be very helpful. Let us ponder things, and be wise rather than radical.

RODGERS.

SHALL WE SAY "YES?"

BY REV. C. C. MCCABE.

Rev. Henry Coker writes thus from Kansas: "I want to build a church in a section of country of one hundred square miles, where there is no church or temple built for God, the church work being carried on in school-houses. I hold that God's people may prosper in school-house worship up to a certain point, and that then they should make an effort to build a temple to His praise. If they do not, they will die spiritually. I have, therefore, set on foot a project to build a church in their midst, and as a start I send you ten dollars for Church Extension."

"I have also undertaken to collect the necessary money to build the church, and have thus far succeeded well. The sale of an old parsonage brings us \$135. One brother who is a builder will take charge of the enterprise. Another will furnish stone for the foundation. Several others will give something, and do hauling. I am promised an acre or two of land as a church site, and altogether it looks like a hopeful case; but it hangs on one thing, and that is whether you can help us to a grant of \$100 from the Church Extension Society. If you can help us, we will go ahead; if not, I fear it will all fall to the ground. I feel enthusiastic in this work because I can see that an M. E. Church in this large settlement will lift the people out of their indifference and make them witnesses for God. Please help me. Brother Pendleton, our Presiding Elder, approves of all this, to whom I refer you for confirmation."

The above is a specimen letter. Scores of such are constantly coming to us. How can a pastor neglect our collection when so much good can be done with a little money?

One lady lately sent us \$1,000 from New England. With that money we can at least secure the erection of four churches. Can the Board of Church Extension have a fair chance in the pulpit of New England?

Correspondence.

FROM BROOKLYN.

MR. EDITOR: I was surprised to read in your New York letter of this week the following statement:—

"A minority of metropolitan Methodists profess to believe that semi-independent churches, cultivating his own patch, will do more to turn permanently this rank wilderness into the garden of the Lord than if they continue to be steadily removable from one position to another, by exchange with other laborers."

It is not possible, perhaps, to avoid being misunderstood in quarters where the true position of those who desire a removal of the limitation of the pastoral term to three consecutive years is unknown. But it is a little surprising to find an intelligent journalist like Mr. Wheatley so grossly misrepresenting the movement, when by a very slight effort he might have thoroughly informed himself.

The Brooklyn society, which has for its object the removal of this limitation, and which is as yet, so far as I know, the only one organized, has clearly defined itself as unreservedly attached to the itinerancy. The authority of the Bishop in the supervision of the Churches, and the appointment of pastors, every annual Conference is distinctly recognized and approved. Nor is there the slightest warrant for the statement that they believe in, or ask for, "semi-independent" titles, each cultivating his own patch, or that they object to their being "steadily removable from one position to another, or relievable by exchange with other laborers." Just what is meant by being "relievable by exchange with other laborers," I do not exactly understand, and fancy Mr. Wheatley himself would have some trouble in explaining it.

The true state of the case is this: Finding that the present limitation of the term of the pastorate works great harm to many of our Churches, especially those in large cities, and that by the hands of the Bishops are needlessly hampered, it is sought to amend the clause in the Discipline, that whenever, in the judgment of the appointing power, the best interests of the Church shall call for the continuance of a minister in a charge, it may be so ordered. But it is expressly stated that such appointment is to be made annually, as is now the case, and under the direct supervision and sanction of the Bishop. If there is any "seeming congregationalism," or "booth-house planting," or disloyalty, in any way, to the fundamental principle of the itinerancy in this, I confess I cannot see it. There is nothing that the society to which I refer is more anxious for than a fair and full discussion of the matter. Such discussion it will surely have among the various Churches, and upon the floor of the General Conference next May. But they not unreasonably insist that there shall be no hand-clapping of the object they desire to accomplish, by statements like the above, which entirely misrepresent it and them.

Cor. Sec. "Brooklyn Society."

FROM BALTIMORE.

Among the many merchant princes and millionaires of this city who have recently passed away, may be mentioned Thomas Wilson, a member of the Society of Friends. Mr. Wilson died at the advanced age of 91 years. If he was not a benefactor in life, he was remarkably so in death, and has donated the sum of \$5,000 to the Boys' Home, and the same amount is left to the Home of the Friendless, the Baltimore orphan Asylum, and the Friends' Society, for a Sanitarium for poor children he has

left \$500,000, and for a Fuel Saving Society to benefit the poor he has left \$200,000. Other objects are considered in his will, such as supplying poor women with sewing machines, and providing for his relatives. It is to be noticed that the name of the donor is prefixed to each of these charities.

The examinations for admission to the Johns Hopkins University are considered milder than last year, and the number of candidates for admission is greater than a year ago. The Johns Hopkins University and Johns Hopkins Hospital are gifts of the late Johns Hopkins, another member of the Society of Friends of this city, who died leaving about eight or ten millions to these institutions. In his life he was remarkable for closeness and liberality, and was scarcely ever known to have an overcoat; as to piety or strictness in religion, he never was charged with either. Whether popularity or notoriety he has, is certainly posthumous.

The Centenary Biblical Institute of this city—a school for educating colored people—with Rev. J. Emory Bond as president, has begun its seventh academic year with a larger attendance and brighter prospects than ever before. This is an institution connected with the M. E. Church that cannot be spoken of too highly, and is doing a grand and noble work. It has a preparatory, normal, classical and select course of study, and has done much to assist ministers in their studies. The lecturer of the coming year in theology is Rev. Dr. Rosset of Cleonati. Every year this institution of learning has been making steady progress, and the number of students at this writer's school, that of any previous year at the same season.

The necrology in Methodist circles within the last four or five weeks has been remarkably large in this city and immediate vicinity. The wives and daughters of our ministers have passed away, and several leading members. One of these, Edward S. Lombard, a venerable man, died in his 74th year. He was a member of Caroline Street Church, and one of its devoted members, and a class-leader for forty-seven years. Another venerable brother, born in this city over thirty years ago, was Conrad R. Fite. In 1818 he joined the Church, and was a member of the first Methodist Sunday-school ever established in this city. He was a Sunday-school superintendent for forty years, and held official positions for over fifty years. He was long connected with Old Light Street, and died a member of Mount Vernon Place. His was a life well spent and a character upright and true.

Church improvements, revivals, reopenings and dedications are reported in this city and throughout the bounds of Conference. The closing of some of our cupboards resulted well, and many were converted to God. The pastors of the Churches are all at their posts of duty again. The Sabbath is still an open question, and is attacked by the German population, while its observance is enforced by law. Indignation meetings are held all over the city, and organizations are being formed to have it changed. Rev. J. B. Van Meter, pastor of Mount Vernon Place Church, has preached a sermon on the Sabbath that will stand the measure of Methodist orthodoxy. It has produced excitement and regret among the ministers, and the end is not yet. The subject is the theme at our Preachers' Meeting, and essays and sermons are delivered before that body to confirm them in the faith.

Rev. Thomas Guard, the Irish orator and eloquent preacher, has accepted a call from Mount Vernon Place Church to become its pastor next March. He served it three years, then went to California and spent three years in San Francisco. Rev. Dr. Naylor, of Metropolitan, Washington, is expected at Madison Avenue.

Our new paper, the *Baltimore Methodist*, is making progress in every way. It is a paying concern, and is a surprise to its editors and its readers. Its mechanical execution is all but perfect; and its policy and principles are worthy of the oldest and most historic Conference of America.

Rev. Dr. Cox, editor of the *Episcopal Methodist* of this city, and pastor of Calvary M. E. Church, South, has purchased that organ, and now not only runs, but owns it. He is an accomplished Christian gentleman. The *Presbyterian Weekly* has got tired of its name, and is now the *Baltimore Presbyterian*. Its nature is the same, however.

FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

MR. EDITOR: Sunday, Sept. 21, was a great day in York, Pa., in the First M. E. Church (Rev. J. H. McGarrh, pastor). Rev. S. L. Bowman, D. D., who served this charge for three years ending last spring, and Rev. Thomas Harrison, the young evangelist, who assisted him in his wonderful revival work last winter, were recalled to witness the reception of 139 probationers, who were approved and commenced their ministerial life the full fellowship of the Church. The number received on probation last winter was 170. Of these some were already members of other Christian Churches in the city, and retained their relation thereto; others removed with or without certificates; but only seventeen failed of confirmation yesterday. This is regarded as one of the most remarkable revivals ever known in this section of the Church or country, both with respect to the number and the character of the converts, as well as the permanency of the work.

The first service of the day occurred at 8 o'clock A. M., led by Mr. Harrison. At 10 o'clock the reception was made by the pastor, assisted by the attending ministers named, and accompanied by appropriate services. The *York Daily*, in an editorial, says:—

"At 8 o'clock in the afternoon a reunion service was held in the church, and at five o'clock a meeting of the praying band was held in the lecture room, which was conducted by Rev. Thomas Harrison. In the evening the auditorium was again crowded to its full capacity, and Dr. Bowman presided. The theme of his discourse was Christian firmness. It was one of the Doctor's ablest efforts, and was listened to with much attention. The sermon was followed by an earnest address by Mr. Harrison."

FROM EAST MAINE.

MR. EDITOR: I have just returned from a blessed visit to the East Maine Conference. East Maine camp-meeting was in charge of Rev. F. D. Wardwell, who has done so much excellent service for God and His Church. He was well sustained by a noble body of young ministers. Rev. Wm. L. Brown was very happy in his sermon and exhortations. The meeting accomplished untold good in the sanctification of believers and the salvation of sinners.

Rev. Messrs. Crawford and Robinson invited me to attend a group-meeting which had been appointed at Steuben. On my way I preached at Cherryfield for Brother Winslow, who is to be sold by a fall from his carriage. The same Sabbath I preached at Millbridge in the afternoon and evening. Thirteen-five came forward in the evening, including seven unconverted ones. The grove

meeting was a success, and no doubt other meetings will be held on the same ground. At the revival services held in Millbridge, the Holy Ghost was present in every meeting. The little flock was built up and sinners were converted. The meetings were so quiet and powerful that there was nothing for the ungodly to gawp at. The last Sabbath the pews, pulpit, aisle, altar, doorway and singing gallery were filled, and seventy-five were outside the church. Many were converted, reclaimed or sanctified, many joined the Church, and five were baptized. A fine new church will, no doubt, be erected within a year.

E. DAVIES.

Our Book Table.

Harper & Brothers add to their list, LESSONS FROM MY MASTERS, CARLYLE, TENNYSON AND RUSKIN, by Peter Bayne, M. A., LL. D. 12mo, 449 pp. The present very entertaining volume grew out of a series of papers contributed to the *Literary World*. These articles have been revised and largely extended, especially in the instance of the last two subjects. The author did not propose so much a criticism of the popular writers as an appreciative discussion of their characteristics, and a study of their chief works. Still Mr. Bayne has not failed to notice points open to remark, as well as those suggestive of the peculiar talents of these well-known and still living writers. It will add a new zest to the appreciation of their writings to see them through the eyes of so keen and critical an observer as Mr. Bayne. His own vigorous and attractive style, with such subjects for his pen, renders the volume a specially interesting one, and one adapted to the studies of young students in English literature in our seminaries.

The same house publishes THE TELEPHONE, THE MICROPHONE AND THE PHONOGRAPH, by Count Du Moncel, with seventy illustrations on wood. This volume, a 12mo of 277 pages, has been translated from the French, under the supervision of the author. It gives, in a very clear manner, abundantly illustrated, a history of the various instruments for conducting sounds to a great distance, both musical tones and ordinary speech, the electric and the pneumatic of the various instruments already in practical use, the inventions for increasing the power of sound, the various uses to which these inventions are already put, and the probable purposes that they will be able to subserve when certain, now lacking, elements are provided. These various combinations for transmitting sound, as the electric spark flashes the human touch, are the wonders of the nineteenth century. This volume comes opportunely, and will be eagerly sought by all who desire to keep abreast of the practical developments of science.

The Harpers have issued an additional volume, in their beautiful, small quarto series of the annotated plays of Shakespeare. The present volume is THE COMEDY OF TWELFTH NIGHT; or, WHAT YOU WILL. These volumes are all carefully edited by William J. Rolfe, A. M., and are specially adapted for the use of high schools and academies. The illustrations are very well executed, and the notes are abundant and valuable. This series has received the hearty commendation of leading Shakespearean students and of experienced educators.

In their HALF HOUR SERIES, they publish "The Origin of the English Nation," by Edward A. Freeman, D. C. L., LL. D. (25 cents); "Food and Feudings," by Sir Henry Thompson; and "Burning their Ships," by Barnett Phillips (20 cents each).

In their FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY we have "The Adventures of Reuben Dridger, Seventeen Years a Captain Among the Drakes of Borneo; A Story for Boys," by James Greenwood; "The Afghan Knife; A Novel," by Robert Armitage Sterndale, M. R. C. S.; "Rose Mervyn, or Whitechapel," by Anne Beale; and "The Two Miss Flemings."

FROM ATTIC TO CELLAR: A Book for Young Housekeepers, by Mrs. Oakey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, Boston. For sale by Lockwood, Brooks & Co. Small quarto, 75 cents. This pretty little manual is prepared to aid young housekeepers in selecting a healthful home, and in the choice, duties, and treatment of servants, and to give young mothers such practical directions as they need when entering upon one of the most difficult and responsible of life's duties. It is well and clearly written, and may be read with profit by all young housekeepers.

Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, issue THE PREHISTORIC WORLD, by Elie Brubel. Translated from the French, by Mary J. Safford. 12mo, 310 pp., price \$1.50. For sale in Boston by H. A. Young & Co. In the form of three quite naturally related stories all the probabilities of human life are presented as suggested by the position of human remains, and by the various implements which have been discovered, in what is called the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, and the Age of Metals. The scene is laid near what afterwards became the site of Paris. The power of the writer is seen in his grouping, in a probable recital, every incident which speculative modern science has gathered upon which to generalize in reference to these prehistoric periods. The volume is interesting, although some of its recitals of those rough periods are shocking enough. It can hardly be said that unquestioned relics of these long-vanished periods give sufficient grounds for the rational belief that such strange forms of human life struggled with the monstrous vegetable and animal growths of this period in the earth's history. But enough is found to aid a vigorous imagination in filling up the rest.

From the same house we have, tastefully published, ALL QUIET ALONG THE FORAMAC, AND OTHER POEMS, by Elsie Lynn Beers. 12mo, 347 pp. These poems have appeared in *Harper's Magazine* and *Week*, and in the *New York Ledger*. Many of them have enjoyed a wide newspaper circulation, and some lost their parentage in their wanderings, and have been re-christened. They are varied in style and character, all short, some very pathetic, a number of pretty juvenile poems, some descriptive, a few humorous, and all exhibiting a marked facility in versification, and often rising to the best standard of magazine poetry. "All Quiet Along the Potomac."

From Robert Carter & Brothers we have a specially interesting little volume, just at this time. Our Boston Prescholar Meeting was very much interested in the account Dr. Daniel Steele gave of the missionary work of Mr. M. A. L. in Paris, and much desire was manifested to know more of this, as the book referred to is entitled, THE WHITE FIELDS OF FRANCE, or, The Story of Mr. M. A. L. Mission to the Workings of Paris and Lyons, by Horatio Bonar, D. D.

The volume is attractively written, as would be expected from the pen of its author. His facts are collected on the spot, and are fresh and vivid. He records in his preface as late an incident as the death of the Prince Imperial. The book will awaken new interest in the work of recovering the French people out of the spiritual bondage of Romanism, and will suggest many practical forms of evangelization which might be hopefully tried among our own unconverted populations. The incidents related are both intensely interesting and affecting.

From the same house we have THE BROOK BEERS; Words for Those who Must Tarry at Home, by Andrew Bonar, D. D. This is a precious little spiritual manual for the afflicted ones deprived of the opportunities of the house of God and heavily disciplined with sorrow.

The Carters also publish, in a tasteful miniature volume, the ELGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD, by Thomas Gray, with other poems. This beautiful gift-book, containing one of the most elaborately illustrated and corrected poems in the English language (having been kept under the publishing hand of the author for seven years), is appropriately illustrated. The poem is a general favorite, and never wears out. The pretty book will afford a fine present for Christmas.

FRIAR ANSELMO AND OTHER POEMS, by Julia C. R. Doty. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 16mo, beautifully published on fine paper, price \$1.25. Mrs. Doty's poems have won a wide way to popular favor in the periodicals of the day. They are melodious and tender. The first poem is a finely versified and touching Catholic legend. Christus is a poem of much power. The sonnets show marked skill in their construction. Her poem written for the Vermont Centennial, at Bennington, Aug. 10, 1877, which was so favorably received, closes this attractive volume. It will meet the taste of the young, and will be welcomed by many who have appreciated the poetic genius of the writer.

From the same house we have, in their EPOCHS OF ANCIENT HISTORY, "The Gracchi, Marcus and Sulla." 16mo, 212 pp., price \$1.00. This volume is by A. H. Beesly. In the continuation of this valuable portable series of ancient histories, we now have the period in the Roman record from about 146 B. C. to about 75 B. C., when the death of Julius Caesar occurred. This period covers the Jugurthine War, the Social War, and the Mithridate. These little compendious volumes are just what the young student will prize, and they will be read with pleasure even by those who have studied the fuller treatises of Mommsen & Long.

Lindsay & Blackiston continue their neat and instructive series of American health primers by publishing EYESIGHT, AND HOW TO CARE FOR IT, by George C. Hartman, M. D. These miniature volumes are all prepared by experts, and are reliable and valuable treatises upon the topics discussed. The present one is of special importance. Just now, happily, no little attention is given to the proper care and the perils of this delicate organ.

THE STAR SINGER, by S. W. Straub, is published in Chicago by Jansen, McClurg & Co. Its preliminary lessons in music and its abundant selections for practice are the special features of this book. Its glees, anthems, and hymn tunes form the body of the work, and are evidently arranged by an expert hand.

Macmillan & Co., London and New York, publish a highly useful and flexible cover, entitled CHILDREN'S TREASURY OF BIBLE STORIES, by Mrs. Herman Gaskoin. Edited by Rev. G. F. McLean, D. D. 30 cents. Part I. Old Testament. This is just the book to read to little fellows and their sisters, telling in simple, but not childish, language, the principal Old Testament incidents, and the story of the ancient saints. It follows closely the Scripture record, is polished with no doubt, but leads the youthful mind to a love for the divine record itself.

WHAT DARWIN SAW IN HIS VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD, IN THE GREAT BEAGLE. New York: Harper & Brothers. Boston: Lee and Shepard. Octavo, thick, illustrated, 3.00. This is both a charming and a profitable volume for our young people. It gives, in short, pleasant descriptions, with admirable pictures, an account of the various animals, peoples, striking natural phenomena, and the great geographical features of the world, as seen by a naturalist and not a mere book collector. It is placed in the hands of young readers as an introduction to a further study in natural history and to awaken a taste for instructive reading.

FOOTPRINTS, by F. E. Cooke. Published for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, Picty and Charity. A. Williams & Co., Boston. 16mo, 150 pp. Price 12 cents. This excellent little volume contains well-written sketches of John and Charles Wesley, George Fox, Mohammed, John Huss and John Fek. Coming from the source the volume has, we were surprised and gratified at the noble and generous tributes paid to the Wesleys. No disciple of these honored men can find occasion to criticize a sentence in the sketch of the lives of the founders of his denomination. The book is both entertaining and full of instruction.

From S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, we have a newly published school text-book, entitled GERMAN WITHOUT GRAMMAR OR DICTIONARY, part II. By Dr. Zerk Brucke, Director of Chicago School of Modern Languages. Price \$1.25. For sale in Boston by Lee and Shepard. The system inaugurated by Prof. Brucke arranges for the speaking of German from the first. The more difficult lessons in grammatical construction are so arranged that the pupil finds himself somewhat familiar with the language and greatly interested in it. Part I met with general acceptance among expert educators, and the present volume carries the work still further along. It is, indeed, a well-selected German reader.

BREATHINGS OF THE BETTER LIFE. Edited by Lucy Larcum, third edition, revised, \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. A beautiful miniature, full of pure gold. The accomplished authoress has gathered from many fields the ripe wheat and the fresh blooming flowers for the solace of hours of meditation and affliction. Gems from the ancients, from the saints of all ages, and the profoundest thinkers, and from late singers in our Christian Israel, have been culled for this

The Sunday School.

FOURTH QUARTER. LESSON IV.

Sunday, Oct. 26. James 2: 14-26.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

FAITH AND WORKS.

I. Preliminary.

1. JAMES: the son of Alphaeus (in Hebrew Cleopas or Cleopas) and Mary, and probably the same with the James called, in Gal. 1: 19, "the Lord's brother." He was Bishop of the Church in Jerusalem, and was noted for the Nazareth ancestry of his life. According to an ancient tradition (Hegesippus) he was accustomed to spend so much of his time in application, "that his knees grew hard-skinned like a camel's" from his constantly bending them in prayer, and entreaty for forgiveness for the people. On account of his "exceeding righteousness" he was called "the Just," and was held in the highest veneration. His martyrdom (A. D. 62) by stoning, is reported by Josephus, who attributes all the calamities attending the destruction of Jerusalem to God's vengeance upon the Jewish people for putting to death a person so pre-eminently just.

2. THE EPISTLE OF JAMES (called "General" or "Catholic," because addressed to no particular Church, but to Jewish Christians everywhere) was written at Jerusalem, between the dates A. D. 45 and A. D. 62. Eusebius, in his Ecclesiastical History, mentions it among the books of questionable canonicity, but it was accepted by the Council of Carthage, A. D. 397. In the period of the Reformation, its inspiration was again questioned by Luther, who thought it unworthy of the Apostle James, and its doctrine of justification by faith alone. Perhaps the most noted among the modern defenders of this Epistle is Prof. Lietzmann, who shows that St. James and St. Paul were simply arguing from different points of view against Jewish errors in the doctrine of justification. The object of this Epistle is "not to teach doctrine, but to improve morality. St. James is the moral teacher of the New Testament" (Smith). It contains warnings against formalism, Pharisaism, evil-speaking, boasting, oppression, etc., etc.

II. Introduction.

St. James is dealing with a very different class of persons from those to whom St. Paul enunciated his great doctrine of justification by faith alone. The error which St. Paul opposed was of that Pharisaic type which led men to trust solely in their good works for pardon and salvation, and which therefore rendered the work of Christ, and faith in that work, unnecessary. It was needful to teach these deluded persons, who were trusting in their own merits, that no works, however perfect, could save them; that they could be justified only by faith in the person and work of Christ. The error with which St. James had to deal was of a different type. Some of the Jewish Christians had adopted the Pauline doctrine of justification by faith alone, but had put upon it a false meaning. They said they had faith; and claimed that as by faith they were justified, and not by works, works were of no account. The drift of St. James' reasoning is to show that their faith was not of the right kind, else it would produce good works; that no faith will justify a man before God which does not reveal itself in good works; that, therefore, there is a sense in which a man may be said to be "justified by works," inasmuch as these are necessary to show the actuality and quality of his faith; and that the faith which these people claimed to have, being simply faith in a creed and not in a Person, being of the head and not of the heart, was worthless and "dead." What is the good, he asks, of a man saying he has faith, if no works prove it? Can faith—such a faith—save him? Suppose a man to say that he has brotherly love, and yet dismisses from his door a needy brother or sister with nothing but words, what would his avowed amount to? Faith, narrowed down to itself, is a lifeless principle. Test this man who says he has faith, and ignores works: Say to him, you have faith, I have works; now exhibit, prove to me the existence of your faith apart from works, and I will prove the reality of my faith by my works. You believe in one God, you say. That is better than not to believe at all; but even the devils share your faith; they, too, "believe and tremble." Will you then be convinced, then, that "faith without works" has no existence, "is dead"? Take the case of our father Abraham; in the offering up of Isaac was he not "justified by works"? Were not his works a specimen of faith in action, and did not his faith reach its consummate perfection by his works? Did not his works fulfill that saying of Scripture, that his faith "was imputed unto him for righteousness," and gain for him the honorable title of "the friend of God"? Is it not evident that works, and not faith only, are necessary for justification? Was Rahab, too, quite a different character from Abraham—a Canaanite, a woman, a "harlot"—was she not a notable example of "justification by works," when, at the hazard of her life, she entertained the messengers of Jehovah, and dismissed them "by another way"? She, certainly, could not have shown her faith except by her works. Just as the body is lifeless without the energetic presence of the spirit, so faith is dead without the energizing manifestation of good works.

Verse 19. *Thou believest, etc.*—addressed to the same person who had faith only. One God—the Scripture, of the absolute certainty of the statement, that faith, apart from works, is unavailing, useless, as its power to save? *O vain man!*—"vain," in the sense of being devoid of a deusive hope (Alford); "vain," in the sense of being "empty as to faith and spiritual strength" (Lange).

Verse 20. *But wilt thou know?*—Art thou willing to be convinced, then, by examples from Scripture, of the absolute certainty of the statement, that faith, apart from works, is unavailing, useless, as its power to save? *O vain man!*—"vain," in the sense of being devoid of a deusive hope (Alford); "vain," in the sense of being "empty as to faith and spiritual strength" (Lange).

Verse 21. *Was not Abraham our father?*—St. James could appeal to no higher authority than to Abraham, the father of the Israelites, and the father spiritually of all counted righteous by the works which were the necessary evidence of his faith. Did not his unhesitating obedience to the command to offer Isaac show his faith in action?—No faith will justify a man before God who is not justified before men by his works also. When he had offered—Lange, Alford, and others omit "had"; when he offered—brought as an offering to the altar.

Verse 22. *Seest thou how?*—better, "Thou seest that?" Faith wrought with his works.—Faith was working with his works; faith was the agent or producer of the works. By works was faith made perfect—that is, completed; "as the tree is in its perfect state, when grown to maturity, and loaded on every branch with abundance of valuable fruit" (Scott). Neither faith was wanting, nor the works.

Verse 23. *The Scripture was fulfilled*—Gen. 15: 6, here quoted from the Septuagint. This Scriptural utterance was given long before the offering of Isaac; but it "received its realization in this act of obedience" (Alford). *Imputed to him for righteousness*—His works were of the right kind—faith recognized by God to be such as would produce righteous acts in any emergency; and therefore his faith was counted to him, or reckoned in his favor, as righteousness, before the test was applied. The friend of God.—His communion with God was so intimate, he so loved God and was beloved by Him, that he was honored with the appellation of "the friend of God," or "lover of God." See Gen. 22: 16; 1 Chron. 29: 7; Isa. 41: 8. The same title is given by the Mohammedans to their great Prophet, El-Khalil-Allah, or, simply, El-Khalil, "the friend," is the title which in Mussulman countries has quite superseded his proper name.

Verse 24. *Ye see then.*—This high example proves it, and proves it conclusively. Not by faith only.—The faith is needful; good works are not its substitute; but the works are as needful as the faith. They are inseparable as evidences of justification.

Verse 25. *Rahab the harlot.*—The second example was taken as remotely as possibly from the first. Rahab was a heathen, a woman, a harlot; but her works, just the same as Abraham's, showed the quality of her faith. (See Josh. 2: 1.)

obligatory in the Christian communion where love ruled—a love, however, which could have no existence if it did not show itself in works of self-sacrifice.

Verse 16. *One of you—who profess to have brotherly love, and the means of exercising it. Depart in peace—good-by! Be ye warmed—clothed. Filled—fed. Ye give them not—extreme liberality in words, none in acts. What doth it profit?*—Would any man be so destitute of common sense as to suppose these unmeaning expressions constituted that most excellent grace of "brotherly love," which Christ and His apostles so greatly insisted on and extolled? "Or would a poor starving person be persuaded to account it any better than a cruel mockery of his misery?" (Scott.)

Verse 17. *Even so faith.*—Just as these empty wishes, unaccompanied by their corresponding acts, show the absence of real, genuine love, so the faith which is professed, but is not manifested by appropriate good works, is lifeless and valueless. Being alone—literally, "for itself," or "in itself," existing without fruit.

There is much of this same kind of worthless faith in this world—faith that is dead; faith that produces no good works; faith that exerts no practical influence whatever on the life. The individual professes, indeed, to believe the truths of the Gospel; he may be in the Church of Christ; he would esteem it a gross calumny to be spoken of as an infidel; but, as to any influence which his faith has over his life, his life would be the same if he had never heard the Gospel. There is not one of the truths of religion which is bodied forth in his life; not a deed to which he is prompted by religious motives, and which could not be accounted for on the supposition that he has no true faith. In such faith a case may with propriety be said to be dead (Barnes).

Verse 18. *Ye see, a man may say*—that is, a man whose faith was genuine and productive might challenge the man mentioned in verse 14, who said he had faith but had no works. *Thou hast faith*—according to your own assertion. *I have works*—visible and recognized by all, "the work of faith and labor of love." *Show me*—exhibit this operative faith of thine, if such a thing be possible. *Will show my faith by my works.*—My works will exhibit the faith which wrought them, and prove conclusively its reality and genuineness.

There is no possible way to show that we really do believe for Christ, except by being "zealous of good works," from evangelical motives, and for evangelical purposes; and where good works are evidently wanting, the most confident profession of the most orthodox creed can only prove a man to be a well-instructed hypocrite, who has received a system of doctrine into his understanding as true; but has never been so convinced of its excellency as to admit it into his heart, experimentally, as the influential principle of his conduct towards God and man (Scott).

Verse 19. *Thou believest, etc.*—addressed to the same person who had faith only. One God—the Scripture, of the absolute certainty of the statement, that faith, apart from works, is unavailing, useless, as its power to save? *O vain man!*—"vain," in the sense of being devoid of a deusive hope (Alford); "vain," in the sense of being "empty as to faith and spiritual strength" (Lange).

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Doubtless Rahab stands here as the representative of Gentile Christians in their works of faith. Just as Abraham by the sacrifice of Isaac, from being a Jew, bedded in by his nationality, became the patriarch of the spiritual Israel, a pattern to the Jewish Christians readers of this Epistle, so the case of Rahab is an example drawn from the Old Testament of the ability of Gentiles becoming by means of their work of faith the spiritual companions of Abraham and his children. Now she was justified not only in that her life was spared, but in that she became a

highly-honored mother in Israel, as tradition informs us (Matt. 1: 19) (Lange).

Verse 26. *Body without the spirit.*—Just as these bodies of ours, however perfect in their parts, when destitute of the energizing spirit, are mere corpses, so "faith without works"—faith that shows no vitality by works—is a dead carcass, having the form of life but not the reality. "Faith is the body, the sum and substance of the Christian life; works (obedience) the moving and quickening of that body" (Alford).

IV. Gleanings.

1. All that is necessary to reconcile the statements of Paul and James, is to suppose that they contemplate the subject of justification from different points of view. The aim of Paul is not to demonstrate that good works are not necessary or desirable in religion, but that they are not the ground of justification. He contemplates man before he is converted, with reference to the question on what ground he can be justified; James, after he is converted with reference to the question how he may show that he has the genuine faith which justifies. Paul affirms that the sinner is justified before God only by faith in the Lord Jesus, and not by his own works. James affirms that it is not a mere speculative or dead faith which justifies, but only a faith that is productive of good works, and that its genuineness is seen only by good works. Paul affirms, that whatever else a man has, if it is not a faith which is adapted to produce good works, it is of no value in the matter of justification. Supposing this to be the explanation, and that these are the standpoints from which they view the subject, the reconciliation of these two writers is easy; for it was and still is true, that, if the question is asked, how a sinner is to be justified before God, the answer is to be that of Paul, that it is by faith alone, "without the works of the law;" if the question be asked, how it can be shown what is the kind of faith that justifies, the answer is that of James, that it is only that which is productive of holy living and practical obedience (Barnes).

2. O! faith is a lively, busy, active thing, so that it is impossible for it not to be ceaselessly working good! It does not ask either if good works are to be done, but before it asks, it has done them, and is forever doing. But whose doeth not such works is an unbeliever, man, gropes and looks out for faith and good works, and neither knows what it is, nor what are good works, but for all chatters and talks much of faith and good works. Faith is a living, well-weighed assurance of the grace of God, so sure that he would a thousand times die for it, and such assurance and knowledge of divine grace renders men glad, daring and merry before God and all His creatures, which is the work of the Holy Ghost in faith. Hence man becomes without constraint ready and glad to serve everybody; to suffer many things to the praise of God and from love of God who has been so gracious to him; so that it is impossible to separate works from faith, as impossible as to separate burning and shining from fire (Luther).

3. Suppose I say, "A tree cannot be struck without thunder." That is true, for there is never destructive lightning without thunder. But again if I say, "The tree was struck by lightning without thunder," that is true too, if I mean that the lightning alone struck it, without the thunder striking it. Yet read the two assertions together, and they seem contradictory. So, in the same way, St. Paul says, "Faith justifies without works;" that is, faith alone justifies; "Not a faith which is without works." There will be works with faith, as there will be thunder with lightning; but just as it is not the thunder, but the lightning—the lightning without the thunder—which strikes the tree, so it is not the works which justify, but the faith which is alone. Lightning alone strikes, but not the lightning which is alone without thunder, for that is only summer lightning, and harmless (Robertson, quoted by Peloubet).

4. What is the difference between intellectual faith and heart faith? Which faith saves?

5. How does the writer illustrate the worthlessness of a merely professed faith?

6. What challenge meet the man whose works prove his faith, make to the man who has faith alone?

7. With whose faith is merely intellectual faith classified (verse 19)?

8. Show how Abraham was "justified by works," and explain the meaning of the expression.

9. What second illustration of justification by works was cited?

10. What challenge meet the man whose works prove his faith, make to the man who has faith alone?

11. With whose faith is merely intellectual faith classified (verse 19)?

12. Show how Abraham was "justified by works," and explain the meaning of the expression.

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17. What second illustration of justification by works was cited?

18. What challenge meet the man whose works prove his faith, make to the man who has faith alone?

PROGRAMME.

"Thus saith the Lord"—a Bible Reading on the Sabbath, Rev. Joseph T. Duryea, D. D.; Opening Address, Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D. D., of Cambridge.

I.

RATIONALE OF THE SABBATH.
FIRST: The Sabbath in the Word of God. The Sabbath of the Old Testament; its Grounds and Method and Influence, Rev. Thomas Armitage, D. D., of New York; Christ's Connection with the Sabbath, Rev. Henry W. Warren, D. D., of Philadelphia; St. Paul and the Sabbath, Rev. Wm. De Los Love, D. D., of South Hadley; The Perpetuity and Obligation of One Sabbath in Seven, so that the Seventh Day is Obligatory if the First is not, Rev. Prof. L. T. Townsend, D. D.

SECOND: The Sabbath in Nature.

The Natural Law of Periodic Rest, Rev. W. W. Atterbury, of New York; Physical, Intellectual and Economic Advantages of the Sabbath, Rev. Joseph Cook; The Sabbath a Requisite to all forms of Social Regeneration, Rev. J. O. Peck, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y.; The Sabbath and the Family, Rev. Henry M. King, D. D.; The Religious Character and Use of the Sabbath, Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D.

III.

THE SABBATH IN HISTORY.
The Pre-Mosaic Sabbath, Rev. Joshua T. Tucker, D. D.; The Sabbath in Jewish History, Rev. Prof. Alvah Rogers, D. D., of New York; The Change to the Lord's Day, Rev. Prof. E. C. Smyth, of Andover; Constantine and the Sabbath, Rev. Franklin Johnson, D. D., of Cambridge; The European Sabbath before and since the Reformation, Rev. Wm. Rice, D. D., of Springfield; The American Sabbath, Rev. Edw. S. Atwood, of Salem.

IV.

THE SABBATH IN THE STATE AND IN SOCIETY.
The Civil as Distinguished from the Religious Sabbath; What is to be Expected from Civil Law, Hon. William Strong, Judge U. S. Supreme Court, of Washington, D. C.; The Sabbath and Foreign Relations, Rev. Pres. E. G. Robinson, D. D., of Providence, R. I.; The Law of Rest of All Nations to the Liberty of Rest of Each, Rev. Leonard W. Bacon, D. D., of Norwich, Conn.; The Sabbath and the Workingman; Seven Days' Work for Six Days' Wages; Pay Day and the Sabbath, Rev. P. S. Henson, D. D., of Philadelphia; Our Foreign Population and the Sabbath, Rev. Rufus Thomas, of Brooklyn; Corporations and the Sabbath, Rev. Willard F. Mallen, D. D.; Rail-roads and the Sabbath, Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, of New York; Merchants and the Sabbath, Russell Sturgis, esq.; The Sabbath the Poor Man's Benefactor, Rev. Edwin B. Webb, D. D. (Mr. Cook and Judge Sherry will send papers to be read.)

The Evangelical Churches in the counties west of Worcester County will meet at Springfield, Oct. 15 and 16. The "Statement of Principles" and "Resolutions" are identical for the two conventions, which are substantially one in two sections. The Springfield programme is as follows:—

1. Address by Pres. Seelye, D. D.; 2. The Natural Law of Periodic Rest, Rev. W. W. Atterbury; 3. The Sabbath and our Foreign Population, Rev. Rufus Thomas; 4. The Law of Rest of All Nations to the Liberty of Rest of Each, Rev. Leonard W. Bacon, D. D.; 5. The Sabbath and the Workingman, Rev. P. S. Henson; 6. The Sabbath necessary to Social Regeneration, Rev. J. O. Peck, D. D.; 7. The Change to the Lord's Day, Rev. Prof. E. C. Smyth, D. D.; 8. The Civil Sabbath, Hon. Wm. Strong, Judge U. S. Supreme Court; 9. The Sabbath and the Family, Rev. Henry M. King, D. D.; 10. The Lord's Day necessary to Vital Christianity, Rev. J. M. Buckley.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.
WHOLESALE PRICES. Oct. 14, 1879.

FLOUR—Superior, \$4.25 @ 4.50; extra, \$5.00 @ 5.25; Michigan, \$2.25 @ 2.50; St. Louis, \$5.00 @ 5.25; Southern Flour, \$5.00 @ 5.25.
RICE FLOUR—\$4.25 @ 4.50 @ lb.
SUGAR—Cane, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Beet, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Coffee, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Molasses, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Syrup, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Honey, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Butter, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Eggs, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Lard, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Tallow, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Oil, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Soap, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Candles, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Matches, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Paper, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Ink, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Stationery, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Books, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Maps, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Globes, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Toys, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Games, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Amusement, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Miscellaneous, \$12.00 @ 12.50.

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FLOUR—Superior, \$4.25 @ 4.50; extra, \$5.00 @ 5.25; Michigan, \$2.25 @ 2.50; St. Louis, \$5.00 @ 5.25; Southern Flour, \$5.00 @ 5.25.
RICE FLOUR—\$4.25 @ 4.50 @ lb.
SUGAR—Cane, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Beet, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Coffee, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Molasses, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Syrup, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Honey, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Butter, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Eggs, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Lard, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Tallow, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Oil, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Soap, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Candles, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Matches, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Paper, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Ink, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Stationery, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Books, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Maps, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Globes, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Toys, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Games, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Amusement, \$12.00 @ 12.50; Miscellaneous, \$12.00 @ 12.50.

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DR. QUAIN'S

Magic Condition Pills.

Dyspepsia Four Years, Constipation and Inflammation of the Bowels Three Years, Confined to my room Two Years, So I Could Not Sleep without Morphine. One Package of Quain's Condition Pills Cured Me.

WEST LEBANON, ME., Feb. 22, 1878.

AMERICAN MEDICINE CO.—I have been sick for four years with dyspepsia, and for the past three years, Constipation and Inflammation of the Bowels. I have suffered all that I could endure and live. I have been confined to my room for two years, and could not sleep nights without the use of morphine. I have been given up by physicians as a case cure. I have taken one package of Dr. QUAIN'S MAGIC CONDITION PILLS, and they have done me more good than all the doctors I have had. I sleep well, I eat well and have no pain. They are all they are recommended to be. Please send me three packages.

JOHN W. LOED.

Neuralgia and Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney Complaint for Twenty-five Years Cured by Quain's Condition Pills.

DANVER, MASS., July 12, 1878.

AMERICAN MEDICINE CO.—For the last twenty-five years I have suffered terribly with Neuralgia and Rheumatism; also Liver and Kidney complaints, causing severe pain in the back and hips, often unable for months to stoop and pick up any small article from the floor. I have had several doctors, spent a great deal for medicine, and sent to me last April for a package of Pills. Before I had taken eight I felt like a new person. Can sleep well nights, eat well, and have no Neuralgia pain, can stoop as well as ever. My friends are astonished at the change in me. I intend all to take them, and would not be without them if money would buy them. I think they must prove a blessing to thousands who will be induced to try them. MRS. B. T. LANE.

Sick Headache.

SHADON, Vt., March 12, 1877.

AMERICAN MEDICINE CO.—I have taken one package of Dr. Quain's Magic Condition Pills for sick headache and found such relief that I want two more packages, one for myself, and the other for a friend. Please send at once for I am out of them and feel unsafe, for they are the only thing I can get relief from.

MRS. J. M. SPAULDING.

DR. QUAIN'S MAGIC CONDITION PILLS are for sale by leading druggists. A package sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents, by American Medicine Co., Manchester, N. H.

Books Given Away!

GRAND CHANCE FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS!!

I have arranged with the Book Publishers to receive a large variety of books to give away as follows:—

An Autograph Album.

Which will contain 100,000 names, has been issued in five or six hundred sections of three or four leaves each, and covered with name-board backs. Each section will hold 100 names. After all the sections have been filled, they will be called in, and bound in one great book, and sealed with the corner-stones of the People's Church. Teachers and scholars of Sunday-schools, and all who desire to be remembered in the history of the People's Church, are invited to send in their names, in these sections, to the Book Publishers, at the following address:—

Agents are wanted in every church in the country to sell names in the Album. A section of the book will be sent through the mail to any one ordering it through the Pastor of the Church which they attend. If positions are not able to get each section full of names

author of the "Bessie Books," 18mo. Price \$1.25.
— **D. LOTHROP & CO., BOSTON.**

"COMPANIONSHIP WITH JESUS."

BY MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

Oh, blessed fellowship divine!
Oh, joy supremely sweet!
Companionship with Jesus here
Makes life with bliss replete.
In union with the Purest One,
I find my heaven on earth begun.
Oh, wondrous bliss, oh, joy sublime,
I've Jesus with me all the time!

I'm walking close to Jesus' side,
So close that I can hear
The softest whispers of His love,
In fellowship so dear,
And feel His great almighty hand
Protect me in this hostile land.
Oh, wondrous bliss, oh, joy sublime,
I've Jesus with me all the time!

I'm leaning on His loving breast,
Along life's weary way,
My path illumined by His smile,
Grows brighter day by day;
No woe, no sorrow, my heart can fear,
With my Almighty Friend so near.
Oh, wondrous bliss, oh, joy sublime,
I've Jesus with me all the time!

I know His sheltering wings of love
Are always o'er me spread;
And though the storm may fiercely rage—
All calm and free from dread—
My peaceful spirit ever sings:
"I'll trust the covert of His wings."
Oh, wondrous bliss, oh, joy sublime,
I've Jesus with me all the time!

Scripture References arranged by Mrs. COL. LOWE, of Xenia, Ohio.

THE TWO STREAMS.

BY REV. W. HASKELL, PH. D.

A mountain brook came foaming and
tumbling down the side of a steep,
rocky ridge, and suddenly emptied its
waters into a stream which was quietly
winding through the meadow below.

"What's this?" bawled the torrent,
hoarse with vexation at being so sud-
denly brought almost to a standstill.
"A funeral procession? Why don't you
hurry up?"

"I am hurrying up," droned the
stream; "don't you see how busy I
am? Look at the stately trees and the
water-grasses along my banks. I have
to supply nourishment to all their thou-
sands and millions of roots. And then
see the flocks and herds which come
down to my sides to drink. I tell you
I do not spend an idle minute from
morning till night."

"Not an idle minute, indeed!" sput-
tered the torrent. "You might as well
be idle as to be putting away your time
over such trifles. It may be well
enough for you to grovel contentedly
among roots and mire, but it will never
do for me who descended from heaven
and first struck the earth on a mountain
top. I have a higher, holier mission
than that."

"A higher, holier mission, truly!"
retorted the stream. "If you have so
high and holy a mission, and were born
in heaven, and are so much above these
earthly things, why do you come rushing
down here at such a rate, dashing
yourself to pieces among the rocks in
the bottom?"

"A pretty figure you cut, talk-
ing of being born in heaven and hav-
ing a mission—your whole only aim
seems to be to get down into the dirt as
quickly and as deep as possible? If you
don't like the mire, what are you here
for?"

"But don't I come down beauti-
fully?" rejoined the torrent. "Look at
the graceful curves in which I move;
see how my snow-white foam glitters
beside your dim, sluggish water; and
how the rainbows in my spray arch
over me like a beautiful crown. Don't
you wish you could display such beau-
ties?"

"Don't I?" replied the stream. "See
my great, branching trees and my
many-colored flowers. What can be
more graceful than the waving of my
grasses? And do just see these lilies,"
with a proud toss of its waves which
made the bright flowers twinkle in the
sunshine like stars.

"But," said the torrent, "strangers
come from far and near to see me leap
down the rocks, and artists, too, with
their pencils and their curious instru-
ments, come to admire my beauty and
to carry away my likeness, so that others
may admire it."

"And bands of laughing children
play along my shores," said the stream,
"and gay young people make the air
ring with their happy voices as they
dip their oars in my still water."

"And I wouldn't stand such imposi-
tion. I'd toss about as do drown the
whole of them; or at least give them a
good fright, and show them that I
wasn't to be made a tool of whenever
they wanted a little amusement."

But as they discussed they journeyed
on together, and with much edifying
and whirling, gradually accommodated
themselves to each other's gait. The
torrent grew less hasty and the stream
less sluggish; and finally they had com-
pletely united into a single river.

By and by there began to be an agi-
tation. The river soliloquized: "I am
tired of this humdrum life. I long
for more bustle and activity. Indeed"—
and its waters quivered and tossed
more violently—"I begin to fear that
my past life has been wasted. What
opportunities I have thrown away!"

1 John 1: 3; Acts 10: 41.
Acts 2: 28; John 14: 24.
Luke 24: 32.
Matt. 17: 4; Luke 9: 29-32.
Eph. 5: 30; John 17: 23.
1 Peter 1: 8.
John 15: 15.
Matt. 28: 20.

2 Cor. 6: 16; Gen. 5: 24; Gen. 6: 9.
1 John 3: 21.
Num. 11: 17.
1 John 1: 7.
1 John 15: 19.

John 13: 23.
Jer. 30: 21.
Prov. 4: 18.
Isa. 51: 12; Ps. 27: 2.
Ps. 119: 151.

Ps. 91: 1; 57: 1; 63: 7.
Ps. 91: 4.
P. 99: 9; Matt. 14: 24.
Ps. 119: 151.
Phil. 4: 7.
Ps. 61: 4.

Isa. 35: 10; John 17: 24-26.

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it is only after many fruitless attempts
that you muster strength to do your
duty. Then the restlessness is gone,
and into your soul, as a reward of obedi-
ence, comes that peace which passeth
understanding.

If we would only heed the Master's
call, and hasten to run at His bidding,
how much good might be accom-
plished! Only to plant the seed, un-
der His direction, or to water it at His
command, and our duty is done; for
God giveth the increase.

You have heard the story of Satan
listening to his angels, as they assem-
bled before him at the close of day,
and each related what he had done;
and how their king rejoiced, with
fiendish glee, when one told him that,
in his travels, he had come upon a
Church fast asleep. Asleep! That is
just what Satan wants. If he can only
lull into slumber the watchers on Zion,
what hinders him from coming in and
taking possession? O follower of
Christ! like the three disciples you
mean to watch with the Master; and
when His voice breaks in upon your
slumbers with: "Could ye not watch
with Me one hour?" you rouse your-
self, and with wide-open eyes renew
the vigil. But again you fall away,
and, mingling with your dreams, again
the Master's voice is heard, sadly say-
ing: "Sleep on now and take your
rest."

How quick are your feet to run, your
fingers to work, your brain to think,
for those you truly love on earth!
And such a service—a reasonable ser-
vice—God desires. Let this love
"possess" you. Let it breathe through
your life. Then you will not need to
be goaded on to say a word for the
Master; for "Out of the abundance of
the heart the mouth speaketh."

A GRAY DAY.

BY LELLA S. TAYLOR.

Cherry leaves rattle against the sky,
Its deep blue heart is gray;
Flowers lonely shiver, and sadly sigh
For the lost, sweet kiss of dawn.

Chilling the touch of the still gray day,
No voice is heard to call
Where cloudlet wanders or breeze may
stray,
Or lonely catenail fall.

Yesterday's glory comes back o'er the soul—
Its opening gates of blue;
Tree-tops voicing the wild wind's roll;
The merry dancing dew.

Shimmering gold of the dreamy fern
In dusky, gleam-lit wood;
Rivers of color that flash and burn
Where aspers and golden-rod stood.

Glistening moon gleams down the shadowy
brook,
The elm-boughs part to show;
Blue hills of heaven in blessing look
On earth's bright fields below.

Gone is the glory, the vision fled,
And under the cold, gray sky
Flowers whisper, "Is beautiful summer
dead?"
And wait for the wind's reply.

The Little Folks.

MAMMY'S BOY.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

[Concluded.]
Rob had no horse. He could only
run with all possible speed while horse-
man after horseman thundered by him.
Faster and faster he ran, till it seemed
as if his whole life concentrated itself
in one thought—the need of haste.
But no warning served to save the
doomed village. Already the mad
waters were doing their worst. House
after house was torn from its founda-
tion, and Rob reached Judge Lovel's
prettiest cottage just in time to see it
swept down the stream, as a toy house
might float on a meadow brook swollen
by spring rains. But where were the
family? There was some one at the
door—some one with white face and
scared eyes. Yes, it was true—that
was Jim wildly gesticulating for help.
The rest had saved themselves, and
Jim, staying a moment too late, was
left alone. No one seemed to notice
him. In his agonized gaze at the
shore he saw Rob. As their eyes met,
Rob pointed to a raft of house furni-
ture that seemed to withstand for a
moment the fury of the flood, and
formed an eddy in which the waters
boiled angrily; at the same moment
he stripped off his coat and plunged
into the torrent. Jim leaped from the
piazza of the cottage, and managed to
reach the furniture. There Rob met
him, and helped him, till the worst
danger was passed.

They were making slow but sure
headway when a terrified shriek rang
in their ears, and there was Fanny Or-
ton close by their sides, her long black
hair clinging to her white cheeks, her
face contorted with fear and horror.
What should the boys do? There was
no instant to decide, and there was
no need; the question decided itself
according to each boy's nature. Jim
continued the long, regular strokes
that he was making, and "mammy's
boy" stopped instinctively to help
Fanny. It was a hard struggle to with-
stand the swirling, eddying waves
with the helpless girl hanging, a dead
weight, upon him; but he managed to
keep above water till two strong swim-
mers came to his assistance. Then all
was safe, it seemed, for Rob, and his
heart throbbed in thankfulness as he
thought of his mother. But as the first
happy thoughts came to him, nerving
his arm with new strength, a heavy
beam struck him a violent blow upon
the head. One cry, "Mother!" and he
sank out of sight forever. Jim Howe
was saved, Fanny was saved, but Rob

had passed beyond their loving or their
scorning.

When the flood subsided, sorrowful
men and women, and children, too,
searched the shores for dead sons and
daughters, and fathers and mothers.
Among the others, poor Mrs. Warren
searched for her boy. And at last they
found him half hidden by debris, his
dead face peaceful as it had always
been in life. As the mother stood
weeping, a pair of soft arms were
thrown around her neck, and a girlish
voice said: "I am alone, too. They are
all gone. Rob saved my life. Let me
come and live with you."

The very impulse that had been so
strong in Rob's heart, now rallied in
the mother, and the thought of this
young girl need turned her thoughts
from her own bitter loss. Friendly
hands lifted the dead boy and carried
him "home," and the woman and girl
followed, already loving each other
tenderly.

After the burial, the little board was
found—two silver quarters and dimes
that had been so carefully saved for so
sacred a purpose.

"This money was for my boy's edu-
cation," said the mother; "it shall be
for yours. I will add to it as fast as
I can."

"And, too," said Fanny, "for the
same reason that Rob worked so steady-
ly—that I may become able to take
care of you."

As for Jim Howe, he persuaded his
father to go and offer Mrs. Warren one
of his horses for free. But the gift
was not accepted. Rob had worked
for love, added for love—love of his
mother, love of duty—and she could
not let her son pay for what her boy
had not let his life give to them. They
neither loved her nor Rob; she would
not have them without them.

But the boy's light was not hid-
den from the world. As is often the case,
he was known after he died than while
he lived. From mouth to mouth
passed the story of his heroism; and
the people bent to whisper of his de-
votion to his mother, of his hard work
and hard fare, and the delicacy of na-
ture that had earned him the title of
"Mammy's boy."

Many little tokens of kindness were
given to the mother for Rob's sake;
many a garment and many a dinner
found their way to the little brown
house upon a hill, by whom sent the
innate meekness. The mother and
her adopted daughter prospered won-
derfully, when the girl, grown a
woman, became a successful teacher,
she never did, as opportunity offered,
to impress upon her pupils the beauty
of a simple, unselfish character—a
character that swerves not from duty,
though sea and unkindness may make
duty hard.

Through death and death Rob came
to his mother. His mother was happy,
and, as if he were doing his work for her,
trained by his hand, many blossoms
gladdened ways from seed sown by
"mammy's boy."

TAP'S DOLL.

One carcase on a brush street,
The day, at a girl of nine or ten,
Full of the hot sun, but so busy with
a weegone rag-baby that she seemed
not to mind the heat and the glare.
Onward had been torn from poor
"big," its old fellow to one side,
and she saw him from the dilapidated
at every time it was lifted about.

As he child sat there, trying to make
"big" whole again, with an old darn-
ing-needle and a bit of twine, a boy
of fourteen hailed on the walk and sneer-
ingly said:
"That old bin sunstruck, an' all
the detour town can't save her life!"

The girl made no reply, and after a
moment she had advanced, snatched the
doll from her hands, and flung it high
above his head laughing loudly at her
effort to prevent him.

"I you mother dead?" asked the
girl, her eyes filled with tears and her
chin quivered.

"But she is, and she made that
doll for me when her hands trembled
as she held it, and so many tears that
I had to cry for her. That's why
she bled so bad

THE WEEK.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, October 7.

Twelve vessels have been lost by a severe northerly gale on the coast of Mexico. Ten thousand house carpenters in Paris have struck for higher wages.

The land excitement in Ireland is on the increase; the right of the tiller of the soil to own it, is advocated, in all the gatherings.

Counterfeit \$5 bills on the National Bank of Troy, N. Y., are in circulation.

In the Connecticut election yesterday the constitutional amendments, providing for biennial sessions of the Legislature and for the extension of the tenure of office in the case of judges of the higher courts, were overwhelmingly defeated.

There was a decided advance in breadstuffs and cereals in the Chicago and Philadelphia markets yesterday.

A Supreme Court decision in the case of the Pittsburgh riots holds the city and county responsible for all damages sustained by the conduct of the rioters.

Wednesday, October 8.

The Fall River strike has come to an end; the splinters voted yesterday to resume work at the old prices.

Nearly one thousand houses in the French quarter at Shanghai were destroyed by fire recently.

Boston's subscription for the Memphis sufferers has reached nearly \$2,500.

Three thousand people attended the opening sessions of the seventeenth annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, at Syracuse, yesterday.

Interesting reports were presented by Secretaries Alden and Clark.

Thomas J. Borden, Treasurer of the American Print Works, and Richard B. Borden, Treasurer of the Troy and Richard Borden Manufacturing Companies in Fall River, have made an assignment. The liabilities of the former amount to \$1,100,000; of the latter, \$350,000.

Hon. John Quincy Adams was nominated for Governor, and William R. Puskett for Lieutenant-Governor by the Democratic Convention of this State yesterday.

The Interior and War Departments are at variance over the Indian outbreak.

Thursday, October 9.

Hon. George B. Loring gave the address at the Cushing memorial services at Newburyport yesterday.

Troops have been sent to Ireland on account of the land troubles.

An extensive strike has been inaugurated in the Pennsylvania coal districts.

The robbery of the Laocina (N. H.) bank have been discovered and indicted.

Gen. Roberts, commanding the British forces in Afghanistan, in a conflict on the 6th inst., captured twelve guns from the Afghans, and drove them from the field. The British loss was eighty men killed and wounded.

The Utes have been severely punished by General M. Critch's command.

Friday, October 10.

The centennial anniversary of the siege of Savannah and the death of Sergeant Jasper was commemorated yesterday. About 20,000 people participated, and Senator Gordon gave the address.

The Peruvians have captured from the Chilians the noted ram "Huscar."

Gen. Grant was royally entertained on Wednesday night by Senator Sharon at Belmont, Cal.

An express car on the Chicago and Alton Railway was robbed yesterday of about \$50,000, by a band of thieves.

The Irish Home Rulers have made an appeal to Irishmen in the United States to contribute to their object of securing ownership of the soil.

Saturday, October 11.

Two hundred and sixty-seven farmers with their families have sailed from Liverpool for this country, en route to Texas.

A New York policeman has been fined \$2,500 for insulting a lady, and beating a citizen without provocation.

Sixteen new cases of fever were reported at Memphis yesterday.

The Pacific express train on the Michigan Central railroad collided with a switch engine on the main track early yesterday morning, telescoping three cars, and killing the remaining cars on top of each other, killing over twenty and wounding about thirty passengers and employees.

An anti-vaccination league has been formed in New York.

Monday, October 13.

Two express trains on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad collided Saturday night at Belton, W. Va.; four persons were killed and several wounded.

Walter Paine, the defaulting ex-treasurer of the American Linen Company of Fall River, has been arrested at Quebec.

The statue of Josiah Quincy, the second mayor of Boston, was formally unveiled in this city on Saturday.

No application, it is said, has yet been made for the English mission.

A dangerous \$20 counterfeit legal-tender note, series of 1878, letter C, is in circulation.

Public attention is called to these facts in connection with the orders from the Post Office department at Washington: A letter directed "Box 2012, Boston," cannot be delivered if it has not the name of the State, "Mass," upon it. "Boston Highlands" will not do; it must be "Boston Highlands, Mass." "Old Cambridge, Mass." is not proper; it must be "Cambridge, Mass." "Readville, Mass." is contraband; it should be "Readville Station, Mass." "City" will not do for local letters; "Boston, Mass." must be the address in all cases, even when mailed at the main office itself. "New York City" is placed under the prohibited letters, the proper address being, according to the order, "New York, N. Y.," simply, and the State must be designated.

RHODE ISLAND.

The fall meeting of the ministers of the Providence and Providence North districts, held at Attleboro, Oct. 6 and 7, was an unusually good one. Rev. Dr. Talbot was chosen president, and Bro. E. Tirrell, Jr., secretary. Monday evening Bro. Jordan preached on Heb. 11:6. Brother Whitcomb presented an essay advocating the removal of the limitation of the term of our ministerial pastorate. It is hoped that the patrons of the HERALD will have an opportunity of reading this essay. Brother Steele offered an essay on the negative side, which he declined to have published. In his view, our life is deeper than can be cured by a longer pastorate. This subject brought out an extended discussion, which ended in the passage of the following resolution by a vote of 11 to 9:—

"Resolved, That the rule in the Discipline necessarily limiting the time of the pastorate of a minister in any one Church to three consecutive years, should be repealed."

All the other essays on the list were presented, and Brother Smith preached on Tuesday evening on Acts 17:29. Altogether, the day was a rich one. Brother Seavey spared no pains to make the occasion a pleasant one to his brethren, and the friends at Attleboro showed a generous hospitality; an excellent dinner in the vestry being one of its features. The tendency of the brethren to depart on Tuesday, resulted in a vote to close the next meeting (which will be held at Hope Street Church, Providence, in February) on that day. A pleasant feature of the meeting was a very graceful paper by the Agent of Zion's Herald, whose more frequent appearance among us would be most welcome, as would the editor's.

It is known that the Thomson Church, Pawtucket, has been seriously embarrassed in its finances for several years past. Under the lead of Brother Patterson its floating debt has been reduced from \$1,600 to \$725, and the mortgage from \$4,000 to \$3,570. Twenty were lately received into full connection, and fifteen have joined on probation since Conference. We trust a brighter day is dawning on Thomson Church.

At the Baptist State Convention in Providence, on the 7th inst., the Second Baptist Church in Newport (late Dr. Malcolm's) was received into the fold, notwithstanding its free-communication proclivity and practice.

Providence will never willingly surrender Dr. Taylor to Boston, as pastor of Tremont Temple Church. Since he has been in this Christian community, he is a man "ready to every good word and work," and his removal would occasion a great void in religious life.

Brother Benjamin Mumford, of the First Church, Newport, who has been ill for several months, is again on the street, to the joy of his many friends.

The venerable Dr. Shepard, for thirty years pastor of the Congregational Church in Bristol, died on the 5th inst., aged 87. A good man has gone to his rest.

It is a sign of something that the Providence Young Men's Christian Association, in its arrangement of entertainments for the present season, has neither lecture nor reading, but only concerts.

A box was sent from the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the First M. E. Church, Newport, a few days ago, to the Bible reader supported by that society in India, direct with such articles as are coveted and useful in that far-off country. If more boxes were sent to brethren lands, more interest in missions would be felt at home.

The directors of the Vineyard Camp-meeting Association held their annual meeting at the Mathewson Street vestry on the 8th inst. The financial report was satisfactory. The agent was directed to correspond with manufacturers with reference to furnishing a chime of bells for the camp-meeting grounds.

Three literary societies of Greenwich Academy propose to issue an eight-page monthly paper. The price will be fifty cents a year, and the first number will be published the middle of this month. Mrs. Quereau, whose husband was four years principal of the institution, has lately revived old memories by a visit to the school. Dr. Church lectured on "Italy and Rome," Oct. 7, in Assembly Hall, and G. M. Carpenter, esq., of Providence, lectured to the commercial students, on the 31st, on "Banks and Banking." The middle of the term brings several new students.

The entertainment given at Asbury, Oct. 7, by Misses Morris and Bates, was highly satisfactory.

NOT A DRUG.

The public have suffered long enough from drug-poisoning, and have become afraid of pill and potion. "Compound Oxygen" is not a drug, and does not cure by the substitution of one disease for another, as when drugs are taken.

But by an orderly process of revitalization. See what has been said before in this paper, and send for our Treatise giving full information. It will be mailed free. Drs. STARKY & PALEY, 1112 Girard Street, Phila., Pa.

People who have once used Dr. QUAIN'S MAGIC CONDITION PILLS for dyspepsia will not willingly be without them. They feel that with them they have a safe remedy always at hand. Infalible cure for sick headache.

"Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care," the lack of which troubles so many of the overworked brains of our ambitious countrymen, is wonderfully promoted by the free use of Webb's Chocolate, one of the most delicious and health-preserving beverages of the day. For sale by grocers generally.

Notice among new advertisements, card of Mr. W. B. Van Valkenburg, who comes to the city with the best recommendations.

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

Parlor scene: Mrs. Brown, who has spent the summer among the White Mountains in search of health, and who seems to have searched the whole mountain side without being able to find a pair of blooming cheeks or an inch of beautiful skin: Mrs. White, who has remained at home because her husband could not afford to go, but whose fresh complexion and bright eyes seem to have caught the bloom and brightness from mountain breezes.

Mrs. B.—Dear me, Mrs. White, how well you are looking! If you will let me ask you a question, let me ask you how you can keep so healthy in this dreadful city? I have been to the White Mountains, I have been every summer, in fact, I can't keep off the doctor's list at last.

Mrs. W. (smiling).—I'll tell you the whole secret, Mrs. Brown. You remember how poorly I was last spring, some days even being confined to my bed. Dr. White told me to send you to the mountains, but I knew he couldn't afford it, and I tried Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Its effects were so marvelous that I also tried his Golden Medical Discovery, to cleanse my system. In my opinion, one bottle of the Prescription and the Discovery is better than six weeks of the White Mountains for a sick woman. I have only been out of the city a week during the whole summer; then my husband and I went to Buffalo and stopped at Dr. Pierce's Invalids' and Tourists' Hotel. The baths and mechanical apparatus for treating patients were alone worth going to see. Besides, our accommodations were better than I have had at Long Branch last year, and the drives and scenery are superb. Let me advise you to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and try the Invalids' and Tourists' Hotel next summer instead of the White Mountains.

THE EMERSON PIANO COMPANY invite attention to their instruments, confident that in purity and evenness of tone, singing qualities, crisp action, solidity of construction, beauty of workmanship, and all the qualities that form the perfect instrument, their pianos are unequalled. More than thirty years' actual experience, with ample facilities for manufacturing, enables the company to make an instrument that receives the unqualified endorsement of many eminent musicians.

Hunt Bros., 608 Washington Street, say that their piano trade "is booming," "never better." They are N. E. General Managers for Hunt, H. H. Hunt, and Billings Pianos, making the nicest variety of styles and prices, and one of the largest and most complete stocks in Boston from which to select. Be sure to call and see their stock and hear the music, whether you wish to purchase or not. In any case, you are sure of a cordial greeting and courteous treatment.

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA is a general favorite. Medical men recommend it as preferable to tea or coffee for nervous or delicate constitutions. Sold by leading grocers everywhere.

UNITED MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION MEETING at Guildhall, W., commencing Monday evening, Oct. 20, and closing Wednesday evening, Oct. 23.

Preaching, Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock, by J. H. Brown; alternate, Noble Kirk. Tuesday, p. m., at 7 o'clock, by E. S. Locke; alternate, C. W. Stowell. Evening, 7:30 o'clock, S. P. Heath; alternate, A. R. Russell. Wednesday, p. m., at 7 o'clock, R. L. Bruce, O. D. Clapp, Evening, 7:30 o'clock, G. A. McLaughlin; alternate, D. J. Smith.

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THE WORCESTER AND VICINITY PREACHERS' MEETING will be held at Webster St. M. E. Church, Worcester, Oct. 25-28, 1879.

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SARCASTIC.—A man passing through a gateway in the dark ran against the post. "I wish that post was in the lower regions!" was his remark. "Better wish it was somewhere else," said a bystander. "You might run against it again." The one who tries SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER does not fear to try it again.

In April, 1877, the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company commenced issuing, and now issues, policies protected by the Maine Non-Forfeiture Law and a definite and plainly printed contract, giving the exact value of the insurance, after discontinuance, for every year the policy remains in force. No notice of discontinuance or surrender of the policy is necessary to secure the benefits guaranteed, which accrue simply by operation of the law and the terms of the contract, which are not subject to reduction, revision, or evasion.

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COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

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